September 1978

$1.50

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

CHAIN MAIL

The Editors:

Heavy Metal is an extraordinary magazine and I will continue to buy it (probably)... no matter what. But I'll be spending my buck fifty every month because of the art—despite the presence of punk, pseudo-intellectual editors. Julie Simmons deserves to have her smart ass kicked, and I would dearly love to be the one to do it. New York, unfortunately, is 10,000 light years away.

In recent letters, some of your readers have complained about the sexist nature of some of the strips. The artists in question undoubtedly have twisted attitudes towards women—that's as plain as the ink on your fucking pages—but Julie Simmons refuses to admit it. Instead, she prefers to crap on everybody, knowing full well that she has the last say. Big deal, Julie: you're just an editor on a magazine that has fewer words in it than *People*.

The two ladies who wrote in complaining about the sexism had a point. All Simmons had to do was acknowledge that.

Great sexist art is still great art. I'll take it if there's nothing better ... and all I want from Julie Simmons, managing editor, is assurance that there *is* nothing better. She can take her lectures (*HM* 5/78) and cram them 'cause they ain't worth a buck fifty and neither is she.

Mark Hume
Victoria, B.C.

Whoooom, doggies! What a vicious tongue! I sincerely feel you blew my replies to our women's lib column a tad out of proportion. I appreciate your enthusiasm, but cool off, buddy.—Julie Simmons, "punk, pseudo-intellectual editor"

Metal People

It seems to me that you people made a small error in translation in the final part of Druillet's "Urm the Mad." You quote a poet as saying, "There is no death beyond the gates eternal, but eons hence a stranger will come, and death itself shall die." Nothing wrong with that, really, but it reminds me of a famous couplet by the poet Howard Phillips Lovecraft, which goes:

"That is not dead which can
eternal lie,
And with strange eons, even
death may die"

continued on page 12

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur
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HEAVY METAL

Vol. II, No. 5 September 1978

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Back cover by **Charles Vess**

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...ADDITIONALLY...

We begin this eighteenth edition with a heartfelt cry from the depths of the slush pile. No more unsolicited manuscripts, please! Ms Simmons (as all old pros know, ms is short for manuscript) can no longer find the inner strength to carry on the silent and tedious gong show she undertakes when scanning the things. Her fingers are raw from opening them, her tongue in traction from licking stamped, self-addressed return envelopes. She resembles no one so much as Titus Andronicus's daughter Lavinia, who, according to the stage direction, enters "with her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished." Ravished, in this case, refers rather to the condition of the woman's mind, reeling under the impact of yet another tale of interspecies sex aboard an orbiting time machine.

The issue you are holding, you will notice, contains rather more than the usual quotient of intentional humor. While it is not our plan to take on the *National Lampoon* in a battle for boffs, we did feel that—as another school year approaches—our readers could use a little whimsy.

Next month is our Hallowe'en special, a celebration of the fantasy fans' feast. In its honor, we will present the Bill Stout illustrated version of Harlan Ellison's spook classic, *Shattered Like a Glass Goblin*, and Mark Wheatley's insalubrious saga of dragons' puberty rites. Can you wait?

Illustration by Druillet

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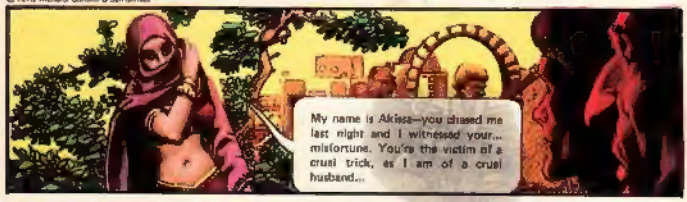
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
So you haven't a clue to Zulaykha's whereabouts?
None! Her relations extend well into the magical realms...to lands more familiar to the Jinni than to me. I can't even begin to look, but I must—this is all my fault!
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad...?

©1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad


My name is Akissa—you chased me last night and I witnessed your misfortune. You're the victim of a cruel trick, as I am of a cruel husband...

I can't endure my husband's malicious nature any longer, Sindbad! I'll do whatever I must to obtain a divorce.
Divorce from an Ifrit? Who has the authority to grant such a thing?
Zu'l Janaheyn... King of all Kings of the Jinn!
Akissa...

You say my friend's being tricked... if you're the Jinni's wife, then the dog that was killed...?

Just an alley mongrel Al-Ra'ad would have used for his own sick pleasure, and as an excuse to torment Sindbad!

You see, Sindbad, you too have cause to seek justice from Zu'l Janaheyn...
Will you help me lead a caravan into the land of the Jinn?

It seems my only hope.

"So with Akissa leading and with my remaining fortune as a gift for Zu'l Janshayn, we began our laborious journey...."

Are you sure it's wise to carry so much of your wealth on a single caravan?
No...

...but as Akissa says, we're seeking audience with the most powerful king since Solomon—it's no time to be cheap.

"Weeks passed and we entered the nexus between our world and that of the Jinn. As the desert became less hospitable to human travelers, wells and water became luxuries of the past. . . ."
At this rate we'll be slaughtering the camels to water the horses.
Probably.
to be contin

Continued from page 1

Druillet's translation of Lovecraft was probably accurate, and your translation of Druillet was probably accurate, but as you can see, your version lacks the power of Lovecraft's.

While I'm here, I might as well throw in a bit of praise. I'll just say that *Heavy Metal* is better while stoned, and being stoned is better with *Heavy Metal*.

Rick Hunik,
Quesnel, B.C.

Dear *Heavy Metal*,

Wow! Consider this mind suitably boggled. *HM* #15 was superb—the best issue to date!

The Corben/Simad epic, "New Tales of the Arabian Nights," excites me no end. I eagerly look forward to subsequent chapters. Corben's art is superb, and the subtlety of the writing and plotting leaves me gaping in open-mouthed admiration.

But "Sabre" angered me. To tease your loyal readers with this marvelous tale of politics and adventure, then blithely tell us we can buy the whole story for six bucks is a crime. You should have bought and run the entire epic, even if it meant pawning your souls.

"More Than Human" is eye-riveting in its art, color, and layout. The story, of course, is a classic, and well-deserving of Nino's truly admirable talents.

Kotlied's "Galactic Geographic" is always a fascinating slice of other life. "Report VI" is one of the best space operas I've seen—better in some aspects than *Planet Stories* or *Star Wars*.

Sadly, the rest of the 'zine failed to meet the high standards of the first two thirds. There are many who will choke and call upon various arcane gods at your description of Bob Aull as a Bode disciple. "Evolution" demonstrates his talents as a colorist, but on the whole, it struck me as a very shallow, very pale imitation of Vaughn Bodé at his best. His artwork is crude and his theme juvenile. However, he does have some promise; the sequence on the bottom half of page 71 was inspired.

Buzz Dixon
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Buzz: Thanks for the freelance review. Problem was, we couldn't get all of Sabre; it had been sold elsewhere, and the best we could do was that sneak preview. Pawn your soul and shell out six bucks for the book.—Eds.

Dear *Heavy Metal* editors:

I am an avid reader of your magazine and find it fascinating. But I have one chief complaint. Just because a story is violent, disgusting, full of sex, and pointless does not make it good. Case in point: your June 1978 story "Evolution."

David E.
New York

Dear David: May we call you "E"? We seldom choose a story just because it is disgusting. Or pointless. But when we get one like "Evolution," which is also full of sex and violence, we can't resist.—Eds.

Dear Heavies,

Love your magazine (will even tolerate certain dumb strips like those of Macedo—and I thought all the hippies died in 1970) to get at classics like Druillet and Moebius. Am surprised it took this long for folks in the publishing biz on this side of the Atlantic to get smart and catch up with the work of the humanoids. Am left with a couple of qualms (*not* an extinct flightless bird) though. Is it true you first write your ads in French and then translate 'em into cumbersome English? And I've heard rumors of a feature-length animated film based on Druillet's "Lone Sloane" epic—is this just tropical madness or swamp gas or what?

Bruce Townley
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Bruce: We'll have you know that all our ads are personally scripted by publisher Mutzy Simmons, the man who invented the Grasshopper and who is a personal friend of Earl Wilson. As for the Lone Sloane feature, everyone in Paris is five minutes into an animation feature. It's all the rage this season. Simone De Beauvoir is doing one with Macedo,...—Eds.

Metalik Direktors:

Even though your "Amerikanised" version is not as risqué as the original editions by the Associated Humanoids in gay Paree, still your magazine is a now, very *now mindwarp*!!! Moebius's "Arzak" "Long Tomorrow," and "Airtight Garage" plus Druillet's "Gail" "Lone Sloane Delirius" and "Urm" are what I call *now*! The use of wide angle, panoramas, subjective, pans, and zooms accentuate their work as well as giving them artistic license. The only complaint I have is that they all stress visual over narrative and the results can sometimes be a bit lopsided. It is my belief that the best storytellers are Moebius and Amerikan artist Richard "Gore" Corben. (It surprises me that many letter hacks believe him to be an experiment of Europe—by descent, yes—but he is very Amerikan. They are obviously not familiar with his works for *Slow Death, Rowlf, Skull Front & Creepy, Eerie, Vampirella* comix.

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ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL OF QUEEN ESOREL, LEADER OF THE AMAZING BUBBLE-WOMEN OF RELDA.
ESOREL, FOR WANT OF A HUMANOID LOVER, BECAME ENAMORED OF THE OLDEST LIVING THING ON THE PLANET, THE TALL, BLACK
Smadakcaj Tree
©1978 JOHN AND CATHERINE WORKMAN
AND WHEN IT DIED...
...THE SORROWFUL AND UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN FLOATED TO A HEIGHT OF 69,012 SNOTAE...
...WHERE HER BUBBLE BURST!

has the honor of being—to my knowledge—the *only* American artist to have his work printed in the original *Metal Hurlant* editions.)

To D. D'Halbec, Lynn Reynolds, and others on the sexist, chauvinist concept around *HM*, they are right, but to say that the book does not offer any feminine individualists is a lie! I offer Shay Amsomi Kath, Loona, the Black Queen—albeit the rampant free love, pseudo-Communist, socialist intelligentsia—and perhaps the finest femme I have seen in this book: the evil queen in "Den" (who was the only person in that epic who could defeat the mind necromancer Ard. Not Den or Kang or even Kath!!!).

As for Corben's recent "Shaltazard," I thought his artwork was brilliant as always, but his two mistakes were (a) his depiction of the Moslems as Europeans; obviously, artist Corben does not know that Arabia isn't far from Afrika. Kush and that the populace is Afro-Asiatic, and (b) Moslems (muslims; moors have a profound respect for their women and would not allow them to bare their flesh so brazenly or reveal their faces!

The serializations of Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and Sturgeon's *More Than Human* are brilliant and deserving of AUBA awards or more! More, more, more!!

On the whole, your magazine is good; keep it well oiled and running smoothly.

Let there be light.

Don Newsome
Newark, N.J.

Dear Don: Don't look know, but there on your typewriter keeps printing k. Your enthusiasm, however, is infectious and appreciated.—Eds.

Dear *Heavy Metal*,

As far as the controversy over whether *Heavy Metal* is too European or not goes, I would have to say that I enjoy the chance to see non-American work. It "widens my horizons." Maybe a good American story once in a while, but let's keep the concept European.

Druillet's full-page pictures in "Urm the Mad" are more than stunning, while his "City of Flowers" was a trip not only in art, but the story was excellent (although predictable).

But the story that hit me the most was E. E. Davis's "Macabres Que" from the "Paradise 9" section. Each and every panel had such drama and feeling to it that I was literally dazed after going through it. The fact that this story didn't even have any dialogue helps prove that a picture is worth a thousand words.

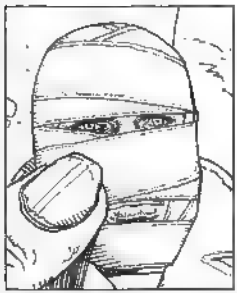
B. W. Burrows
Overland Park, Ks.

ESOREL, FOR WANT OF A HUMANOID LOVER, BECAME ENAMORED OF THE OLDEST LIVING THING ON THE PLANET, THE TALL, BLACK
Smadakcaj Tree
©1978 JOHN AND CATHERINE WORKMAN
AND WHEN IT DIED.
.THE SORROWFUL AND UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN FLOATED TO A HEIGHT OF 69,012 SNOTAE
.WHERE HER BUBBLE BURST!
WORKMAN '78

[illegible]

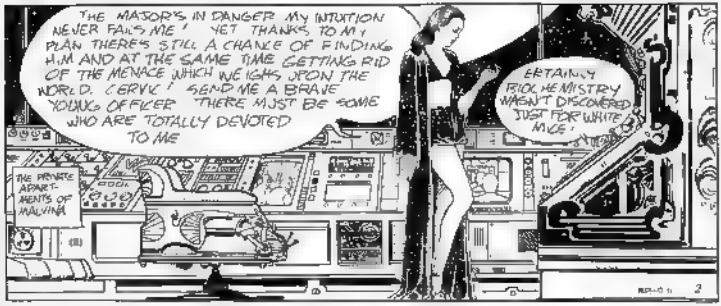
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS BY MOEBIUS
LOOK THERE!
THIS SO-CALLED ARDANT ... IS IN FACT ... AN AGENT OF THE ... REVIVAL MOVEMENT
DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY
HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE ORIGIN OF THE DOCUMENT
LOOK AT THE ORIGINAL. THE LINES FORMING A "V" BEHIND THE THREE MEN ARE EXACTLY THE SAME AS THOSE DECORATING THE 'QUOTS' PLANES DURING THE GREAT AERONAUTIC WAR WHICH RAVAGED THE UNCERTAIN LAND ... BEEN TWO MILLENIA SINCE THESE EVENTS TOOK
THERE! THAT'S CERTAINLY THE MAJOR, ISN'T IT?

INDEED, THAT CERTAINLY IS THE MAJOR! THERE IN THE MIDDLE, JERRY CORNELIUS IS ON THE LEFT WITH HIS HEAD COVERED IN BANDAGES THAT'S JERRY'S BROTHER, ERIC. SINCE THEN THEY HAVE BECOME MORTAL ENEMIES FOR SOME OBSCURE REASON I ARRANGED FOR A RELIABLE INQUIRY THE DEPARTMENT ENDED UP FINDING HIM AT THE END OF THE SUMMER, NEAR THE SEA, IN A COUNTRY CALLED NORMANDY ABOARD A LITTLE SAIL BOAT



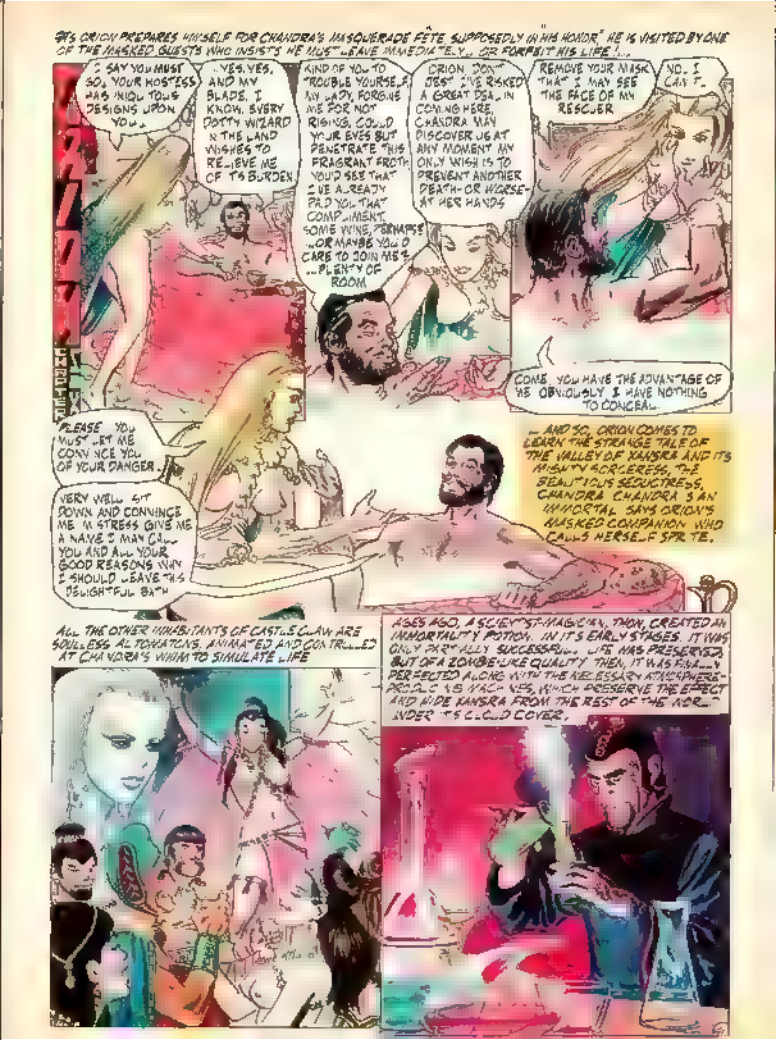
LATER, IN A DESERTED CORRIDOR

YES, THAT'S IT I HAVE A PLAN

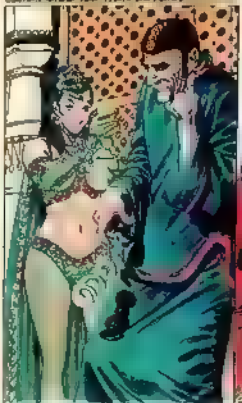

THE MAJOR'S IN DANGER MY INTUITION NEVER FAILS ME! YET THANKS TO MY PLAN THERE'S STILL A CHANCE OF FINDING HIM AND AT THE SAME TIME GETTING RID OF THE MENACE WHICH WEIGHS UPON THE WORLD. CERVIX! SEND ME A BRAVE YOUNG OFFICER THERE MUST BE SOME WHO ARE TOTALLY DEVOTED TO ME
CERTAINLY FRICHEMISTRY WASN'T DISCOVERED JUST FOR WHITE MICE!
THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF MALVINA
2

LARC DALYTRE LARC DALYTRE!
THAT'S ME
THE DAMALVINA WANTS TO TALK TO YOU PERSONALLY!
TALK TO ME - PERSONALLY - TO ME? SEE ZZ 2 "
WHAT CAN THE GOOD WOMAN ACTUALLY WANT ME FOR?
THIS IS THE MOMENT!
IT'S NOT IN OUR CONTRACTS
LET'S GO!
MALVINA THE MAJOR'S "FIANCÉE"! THE QUEEN OF THE COCKPIT? AT LAST I AM GOING TO EMBRACE THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHOM I HAVE LOVED FOR SO LONG IN SECRET

MALVINA SEXUAL SORCERESS DELUXE
COME IN' MALVINA AWAITS YOU
I WILL LEAVE YOU HERE 'BE DISCREET BE CAREFUL
TRULY I'M SO HAPPY I
THE POWERFUL MAGIC OF MALVINA HAS BEGUN TO TAKE EFFECT!
CAREFUL
ALRIGHT WHERE AM I?
TO BE CONTINUED

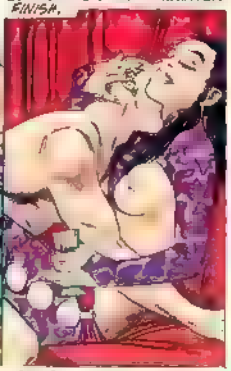

ORION PREPARES HIMSELF FOR CHANDRA'S MASQUERADE FETE, SUPPOSEDLY IN HIS HONOR. HE IS VISITED BY ONE OF THE MASKED GUESTS WHO INSISTS HE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, OR FORFEIT HIS LIFE!...
I SAY YOU MUST GO, YOUR HOSTESS HAS INIQUITOUS DESIGNS UPON YOU.
...YES, YES, AND MY BLADE, I KNOW. EVERY DOTTY WIZARD IN THE LAND WISHES TO RELIEVE ME OF ITS BURDEN
KIND OF YOU TO TROUBLE YOURSELF, MY LADY, FORGIVE ME FOR NOT RISING, COULD YOUR EYES BUT PENETRATE THIS FRAGRANT FROTH YOU'D SEE THAT I'VE ALREADY PAID YOU THAT COMPLIMENT. SOME WINE, PERHAPS? ...OR MAYBE YOU'D CARE TO JOIN ME? ...PLENTY OF ROOM
ORION, DON'T! I'VE RISKED A GREAT DEAL IN COMING HERE. CHANDRA MAY DISCOVER US AT ANY MOMENT. MY ONLY WISH IS TO PREVENT ANOTHER DEATH--OR WORSE--AT HER HANDS
REMOVE YOUR MASK THAT I MAY SEE THE FACE OF MY RESCUER
NO. I CAN'T.
COME, YOU HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME OBVIOUSLY, I HAVE NOTHING TO CONCEAL.
PLEASE, YOU MUST LET ME CONVINCE YOU OF YOUR DANGER.
VERY WELL. SIT DOWN AND CONVINCE ME. IT STRESS GIVES ME A WAVE, I MAY CLAW YOU AND ALL YOUR GOOD REASONS WHY I SHOULD LEAVE THIS DELIGHTFUL BATH
...AND SO, ORION COMES TO LEARN THE STRANGE TALE OF THE VALLEY OF XANSRA AND ITS MIGHTY SORCERESS, THE BEAUTIOUS SEDUCTRESS, CHANDRA. CHANDRA IS AN IMMORTAL, SAYS ORION'S MASKED COMPANION WHO CALLS HERSELF SPRITE.
ALL THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF CASTLE CLAW ARE SOULLESS ALTERATIONS, ANIMATED AND CONTROLLED AT CHANDRA'S WHIM TO SIMULATE LIFE
AGES AGO, A SCIENTIST-MAGICIAN, THAN, CREATED AN IMMORTALITY POTION. IN IT'S EARLY STAGES, IT WAS ONLY PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL... HE HAS PRESERVED, BUT OF A ZOMBIE-LIKE QUALITY. THEN, IT WAS FINALLY PERFECTED ALONG WITH THE NECESSARY ATMOSPHERE-PROJECTING MACHINES, WHICH PRESERVE THE EFFECT AND HIDE XANSRA FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD UNDER IT'S CLOUD COVER.

...GIFT OF EVERLASTING LIFE TO HIS MISTRESS THE WICKED CHANDRA, AS THEY TOASTED LIFE ETERNAL, SHE POISONED HER LOVER.



THEN, SHE TRANSFORMED INTO DROONS AND BANISHED ALL WHO SOUGHT TO OPPOSE HER OR CHANGED THEM INTO THE MINDLESS PUPPETS WHO COMPRISE THE SERVANTS AND GUESTS OF CASTLE CLAW. THEY PROVIDED HER WITH COMFORTS AND DIVERSIONS FOR ALL THE AGES TO COME

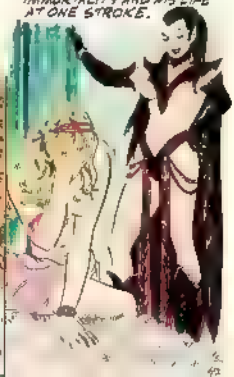
CHANDRA HAS LIVED ALL THE TIME THAT FOLLOWED EXPLORING EVERY EXCESS, INDULGING EVERY WHIM - BUT ALWAYS, SHE WAS CHAINED TO THE VALVE OF PERENNIAL PULSE FOR TO LEAVE THE LIFE SUSTAINING AND REGENERATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE VAPOR WOULD MEAN HER FINISH.

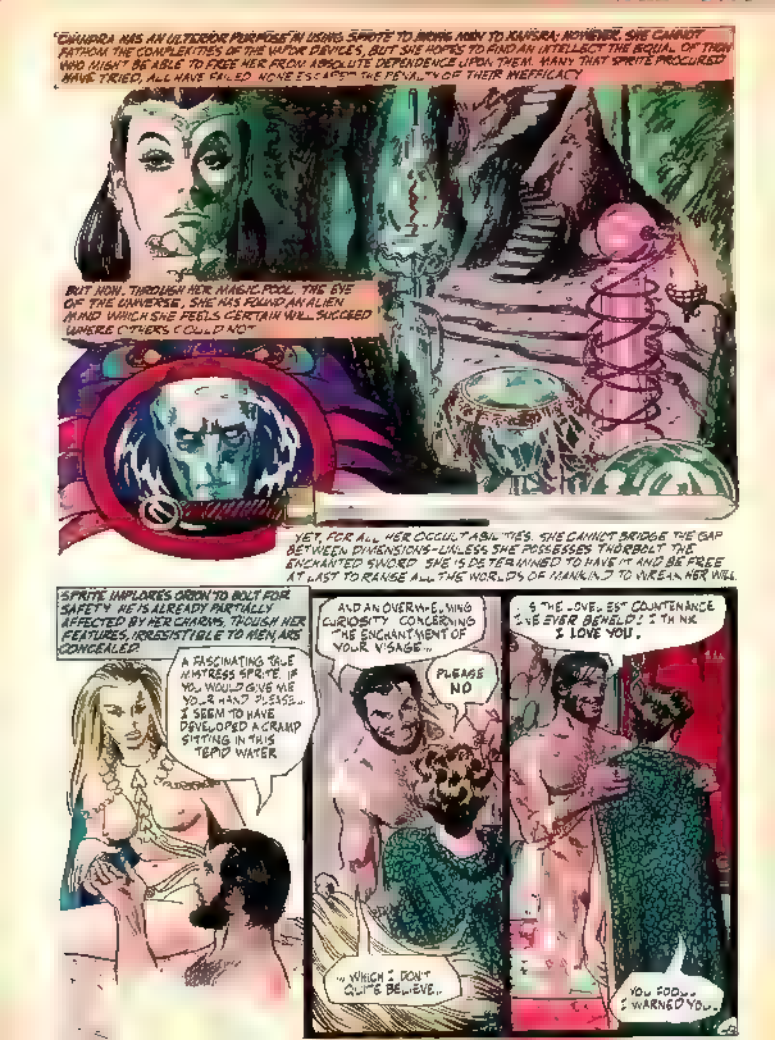


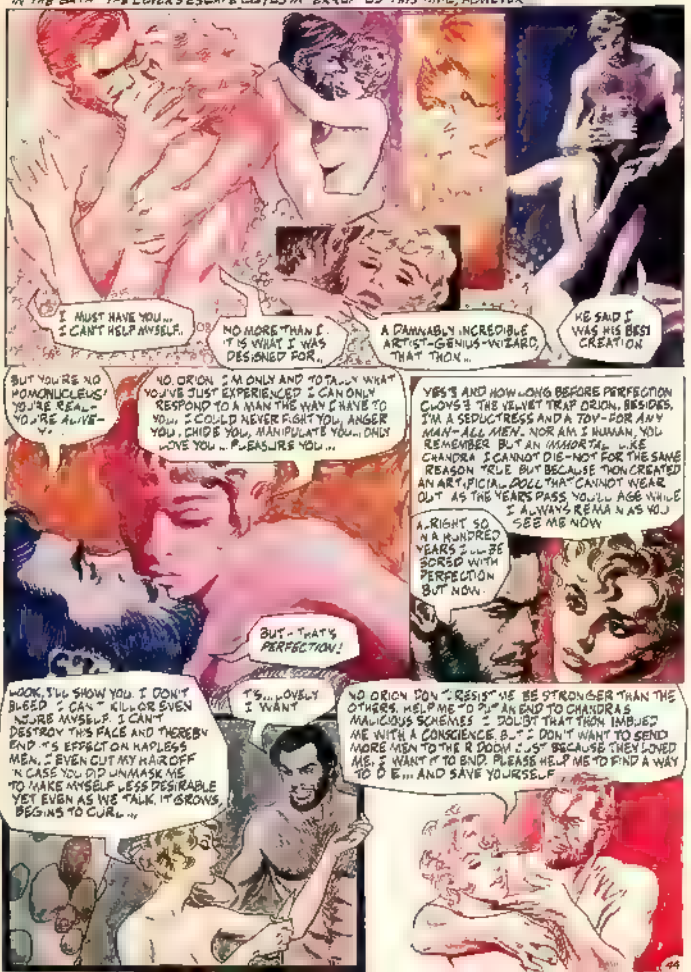
YET A WITCH HAS RESOURCES DENIED TO MERE MORTALS. CHANDRA CAN LEAVE KAVSRA BY ONE VOLUM'S DEVICE. SHE IS ABLE TO ANIMATE SPRITE'S WILL AND TAKE OVER HER HOST BODY SENDING HER TO THE OUTER WORLD TO ENTRAP UNSUSPECTING DUPES AND LURE THEM BACK FOR HER OWN EVIL SCHEMES.

SPRITE FURTHER RELATES THAT SHE HERSELF IS A MAGICAL AND TOTAL CREATION OF CHAN'S. NOT TRULY A WING IN THE HUMAN SENSE SHE IS A LORELEI ABSOLUTELY IRRESISTIBLE TO ALL MEN AT FIRST SIGHT, SHE HAS BECOME THE INVILLING BAIT FOR EACH OF CHANDRA'S NEW LOVERS, WHOM SHE ENTICES FROM THE OUTSIDE BUT WHO NEVER SATISFY CHANDRA LONG ENOUGH TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH... THEY ARE EITHER SLAIN WHEN SHE TIRES OF THEM OR TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO A DROON

CHANDRA DELIGHTS IN SPRITE'S ANGUISH OVER HER ROLE AS A DECOY AND TAKES RENEWED PLEASURE IN THE HORRIBLE SYMBIOTIC RITUAL. EACH TIME IT IS REPEATED THIS IS A VENGEANCE, FOR EVEN THOUGH SEEMS, WAS UNABLE TO RESIST HIS OWN CREATION, AND THIS WAS THE REASON THE WITCH TOOK HER LOVER'S GIFT OF IMMORTALITY AND HIS LIFE AT ONE STROKE.




CHANDRA HAS AN ULTERIOR PURPOSE IN USING SPRITE TO BRING ORION TO XANTHA; HOWEVER, SHE CANNOT FATHOM THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE VAPOR DEVICES, BUT SHE HOPES TO FIND AN INTELLECT THE EQUAL OF THEIR WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO FREE HER FROM ABSOLUTE DEPENDENCE UPON THEM. MANY THAT SPRITE PROCURED HAVE TRIED, ALL HAVE FAILED. NONE ESCAPED THE PENALTY OF THEIR INEFFICACY
BUT NOW, THROUGH HER MAGIC POOL, THE EYE OF THE UNIVERSE, SHE HAS FOUND AN ALIEN MIND WHICH SHE FEELS CERTAIN WILL SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS COULD NOT
YET, FOR ALL HER OCCULT ABILITIES, SHE CANNOT BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN DIMENSIONS—UNLESS SHE POSSESSES THORBOLT THE ENCHANTED SWORD. SHE IS DETERMINED TO HAVE IT AND BE FREE AT LAST TO RANGE ALL THE WORLDS OF MANKIND TO WREAK HER WILL.
SPRITE IMPLORES ORION TO BOLT FOR SAFETY. HE IS ALREADY PARTIALLY AFFECTED BY HER CHARMS. THOUGH HER FEATURES, IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN, ARE CONCEALED.
A FASCINATING TALE MISTRESS SPRITE. IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME YOUR HAND PLEASE... I SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED A CRAMP SITTING IN THIS TEPID WATER
AND AN OVERWHELMING CURIOSITY CONCERNING THE ENCHANTMENT OF YOUR VISAGE...
PLEASE NO
...WHICH I DON'T QUITE BELIEVE...
& THE LOVELIEST COUNTENANCE I'VE EVER BEHELD! I THINK I LOVE YOU.
YOU FOOL... I WARNED YOU...


HOW A VICTIM HIMSELF OR SPRITE'S ENCHANTMENT, AND HEEDLESS OF HER FEARS THAT CHANDRA MIGHT AT ANY MOMENT DISCOVER THEM BY CONSULTING HER MAGIC POOL—OR WORSE—INVADE HER MIND. ORION TAKES HER IN THE BATH. THE LOVERS ESCAPE COITUS INTERRUPTUS THIS TIME, HOWEVER.
I MUST HAVE YOU... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF.
NO MORE THAN I IT IS WHAT I WAS DESIGNED FOR...
A DAMNABLY INCREDIBLE ARTIST-GENIUS-WIZARD, THAT THON...
HE SAID I WAS HIS BEST CREATION
BUT YOU'RE NO HOMONCULEUS! YOU'RE REAL... YOU'RE ALIVE-
NO, ORION. I'M ONLY AND TOTALLY WHAT YOU'VE JUST EXPERIENCED. I CAN ONLY RESPOND TO A MAN THE WAY I HAVE TO YOU... I COULD NEVER FIGHT YOU, ANGER YOU, CHIDE YOU, MANIPULATE YOU... ONLY LOVE YOU... PLEASURE YOU...
YES? AND HOW LONG BEFORE PERFECTION GLOVES THE VELVET TRAP ORION... BESIDES, I'M A SEDUCTRESS AND A TOY—FOR ANY MAN—ALL MEN. NOR AM I HUMAN, YOU REMEMBER. BUT AN IMMORTAL LIKE CHANDRA I CANNOT DIE—NOT FOR THE SAME REASON TRUE BUT BECAUSE THON CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL DOLL THAT CANNOT WEAR OUT AS THE YEARS PASS. YOU'LL AGE WHILE I ALWAYS REMAIN AS YOU SEE ME NOW.
A-RIGHT SO IN A HUNDRED YEARS I'LL BE BORED WITH PERFECTION BUT NOW...
BUT—THAT'S PERFECTION!
LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU. I DON'T BLEED. I CAN'T KILL OR EVEN INJURE MYSELF. I CAN'T DESTROY THIS FACE AND THEREBY END ITS EFFECT ON HAPLESS MEN. I EVEN CUT MY HAIR OFF IN CASE YOU DID UNMASK ME TO MAKE MYSELF LESS DESIRABLE YET EVEN AS WE TALK, IT GROWS, BEGINS TO CURL...
IT'S... LOVELY I WANT
NO ORION, DON'T RESIST. BE STRONGER THAN THE OTHERS. HELP ME TO PUT AN END TO CHANDRA'S MALICIOUS SCHEMES. I DOUBT THAT THON IMBUED ME WITH A CONSCIENCE, B... I DON'T WANT TO SEND MORE MEN TO THEIR DOOM JUST BECAUSE THEY LOVED ME. I WANT IT TO END. PLEASE HELP ME TO FIND A WAY TO D E... AND SAVE YOURSELF.
44

I DON'T KNOW THAT CHANDRA BESTOWED A WAY THE SWORD PROTECTS ME. AND IN SOME WAY SAN ENTICY IN ITSELF. I DON'T OWN IT— IT MERELY IS GUARDIAN I HAVE SWORN TO SERVE WHILE...
I'LL DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO PREVENT HER FROM USING YOU AS SHE HAS IN THE PAST. BUT DON'T ASK ME TO END YOUR EXISTENCE.
YOU SAY THE GOLD MACHINES ARE GUARDED BY AN ENCHANTMENT BUT I'M SURE THORBOLT CAN BREAK THE SPELL ME HOW TO FIND THEM AND THEN I CAN RETURN KILL HER FOR GOOD AND THEN PUT AN END TO POOR ORION'S TORMENTS AND FINALLY BE TOGETHER
POOR ORION. YOU MAY EVEN SURVIVE THIS SOMEHOW. BUT IT WON'T FOOL YOU LIKE THIS. WHAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU IS THAT THE ONE POSSESSED AN INSIDIOUS SENSE OF HUMOR WITHOUT EVER KNOWING HE SOMEHOW INTERWOVE CHANDRA'S LIFE FORCE WITH MINE TO PROTECT ME. DEATH FOR HER MEANS WHAT I DESIRE MOST... DEATH FOR ME TOO! I LOVE HER ORION, AND END THIS LOVING DEATH FOR US ALL...
WHEN CHANDRA'S PHANTOM DENIES SEE TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THIS EVENING'S AFFAIRE FOR ME
DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT.
SHE'S VERY CLEVER AND DETERMINED TO SAY HOW DO DE THE SWORD
NO MATTER THE BLADE HAS A PROTECTIVE AURA FOR IT'S GUARDIAN. NO CHARM OF HERS CAN BREAK IT AND I AM ON GUARD AGAINST HER WILES.
VERY WELL. THE MACHINES ARE IN THE CATACOMBS BELOW. YOU MUST BE VIGILANT. IF SHE KNOWS SHE CANNOT TAKE THE SWORD WITH HER MAGIC OR WITH FORCE SHE MAY USE DECEIT AND GUILE. YOU MUST BE CONSTANT BEWARE
THORBOLT WILL GUIDE ME GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO RENDER THE MACHINES HARMLESS. THEN MEET ME IN THE CATACOMBS

IN CHANDRA'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS.

THAT BLADE RESISTS ALL MY MAGIC TO ENSNARE IT. I MUST PERSUADE ORION TO ALLOW ME TO USE WILLINGLY. HOW... THOUGH A LITTLE PET CAN HARDLY HAVE DEPLETED SUCH A MIGHTY WARRIOR'S PASSION COMPLETELY.

WHEN I HAVE HIM SUFFICIENTLY AROUSED, THIS UNGUENT SHALL DESTROY HIS WILL AND MAKE HIM MY SLAVE.

THE CELEBRANTS OF THE BALL REPOSE IN ATTITUDES OF STUPOR UNTIL THE SOUNDING OF A GONG ANNOUNCES CHANDRA'S ENTRANCE. THEN AT A CLAP OF HER HANDS ALL THE DARK GIANTS BECOME SUDDENLY ANIMATED... THE WITCH QUEEN'S BACCHANAL RESUMES ONCE MORE.

CHANDRA, AS MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES, PROVIDES BIZARRE ENTERTAINMENT. HEAVY INCENSE, WEIRD MUSIC, AND EROTIC DANCES PROVIDE AN ATMOSPHERE THAT AT ONCE ATTRACTS AND REPELS

AH ORION, COME SIT BESIDE ME AND DO NOT FEAR THE FOOD NOR THE WINE S DRUGGED I CANNOT WREST THE SWORD FROM YOU BY FORCE I MUST CONVINCE YOU TO GIVE IT TO ME WILLINGLY OR ITS POWERFUL MAGIC WILL NOT WORK IN CONCERT WITH MINE

YOUR CANDOR IS MUCH APPRECIATED WITCH. WHY HOWEVER, SHOULD I RELINQUISH IT TO YOU AT ALL?

EVERLASTING ... AS I COULD BE ONE ENCHANTMENT WITH ME AS THE BARGAIN? OR PERHAPS MISTRESS SPRITES YES, I KNEW SHE WOULD TRY AND WARN YOU AGAINST ME. YOU'VE NO DOUBT SAMPLED HER CHARMS. WHY NOT DISCOVER WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER... AND THEN MAKE YOUR CHOICE?

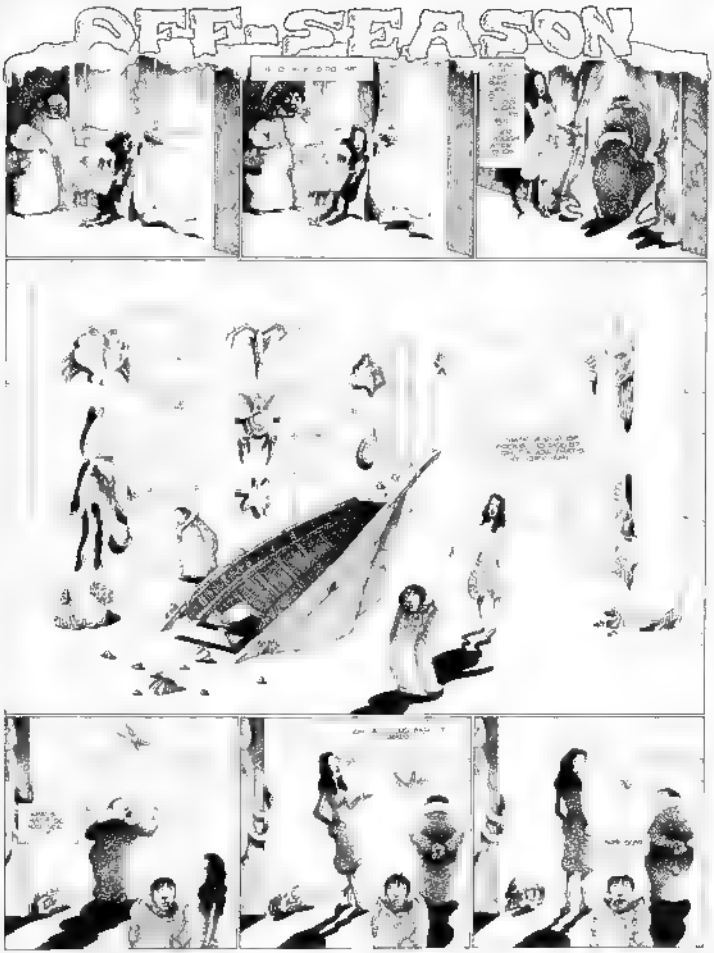
EVEN THOUGH FULLY AWARE THAT THE SETTING IS DESIGNEDLY SEDUCTIVE, AND THAT CHANDRA IS ATTEMPTING TO PLAY HIM IN HER POWER, ORION FEELS HIMSELF SWAYED BY THE OLDEST AND PERHAPS THE MOST POTENT OF ALL MAGICS, UNTI...

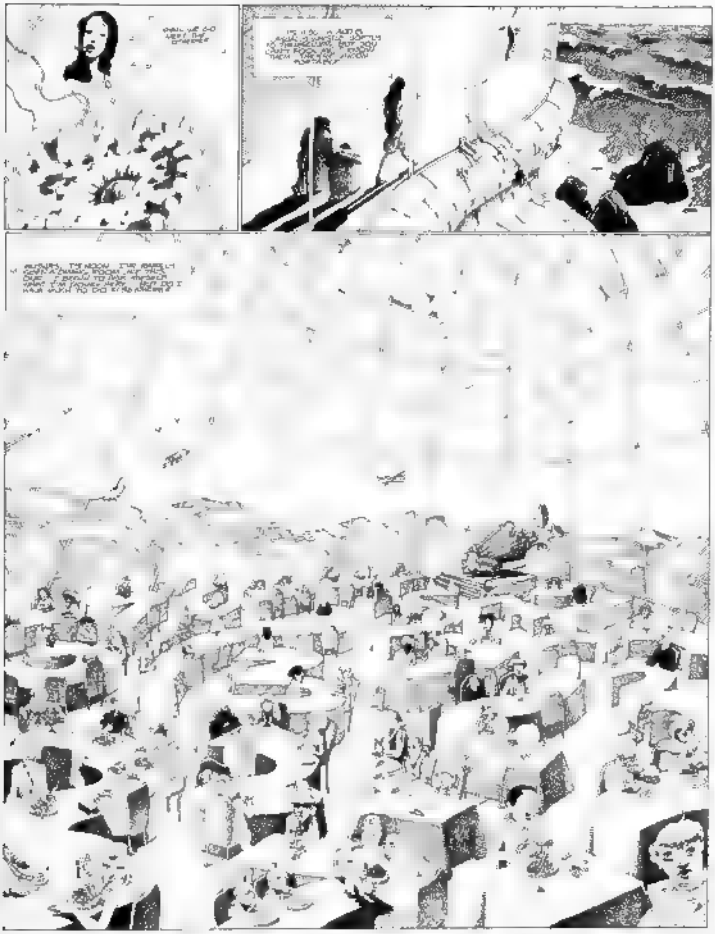
ORION - HOLD! YOU WOULD SUCKLE FOSON -

BITCH!!

... BE DAMNED

MOMENTARILY THWARTED AND IN A RAGE CHANDRA FORCES HERCLE AND ORDERS HER TO...
TAKE HIM!
A FIGHT ENSUES, AND ORION FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST COMBATANTS WHO, WHEN SKEWERED...
...RISE UP TO FIGHT ON!
MY GOD! I'M FIGHTING GHOULS.


OFF-SEASON

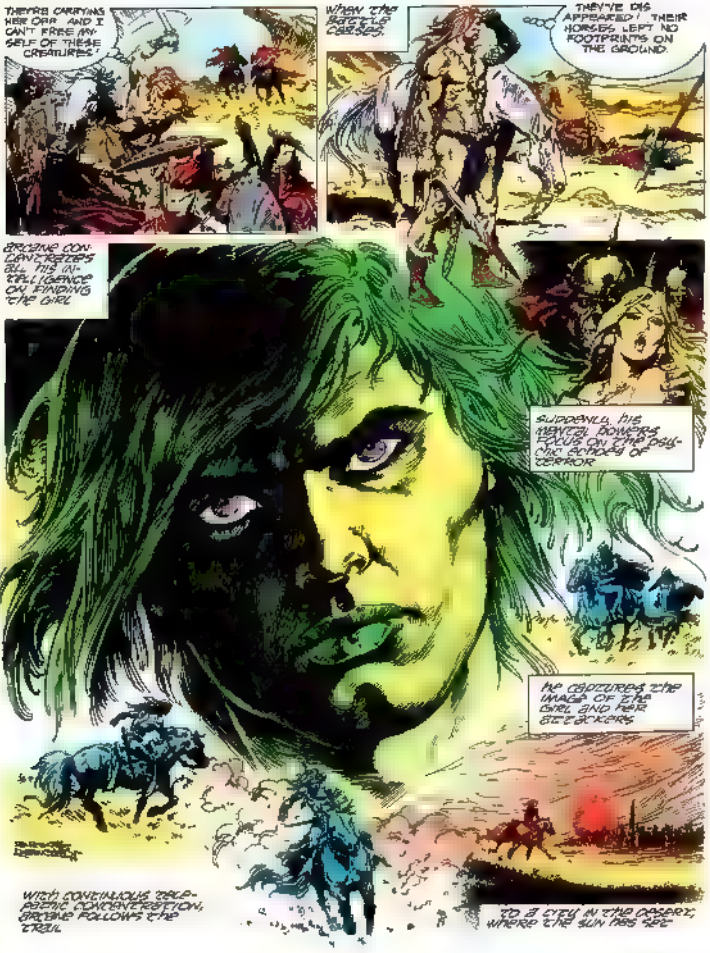


COME HERE!

COME HERE!

THE HORROR OF G'ZALTH
by Enrique Romero
WHILE ELSEWHERE
AAAAAAAAAHH!
SUDDENLY
A WOMAN WHY ARE THEY CHASING HER?

BY ALL THE GODS THEY'RE COMING!
THE GUYS REALLY GUNZ OFF THEIR SWORDS
AND THE WARRIORS OF ANKRA AND WITCH KING ATTACKS THE DESERT
THEY'VE CAPTURED THE WOMAN!


THEY'RE CARRYING HER OFF AND I CAN'T FREE MYSELF OF THESE CREATURES!
WHEN THE BATTLE CEASES.
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! THEIR HORSES LEFT NO FOOTPRINTS ON THE GROUND.
ARZAKH CONCENTRATES ALL HIS INTELLIGENCE ON FINDING THE GIRL
SUDDENLY, HIS MENTAL POWERS FOCUS ON THE PSYCHIC ECHOES OF TERROR
HE CAPTURES THE IMAGE OF THE GIRL AND HER ATTACKERS
WITH CONTINUOUS TELEPATHIC CONCENTRATION, ARZAKH FOLLOWS THE TRAIL
TO A CITY IN THE DESERT, WHERE THE SUN HAS SET

G'ATH'OL, THE CITY LOST IN THE DESERT

THE WARRIOR KNOWS THAT THE SOUND SHE IS NEAR

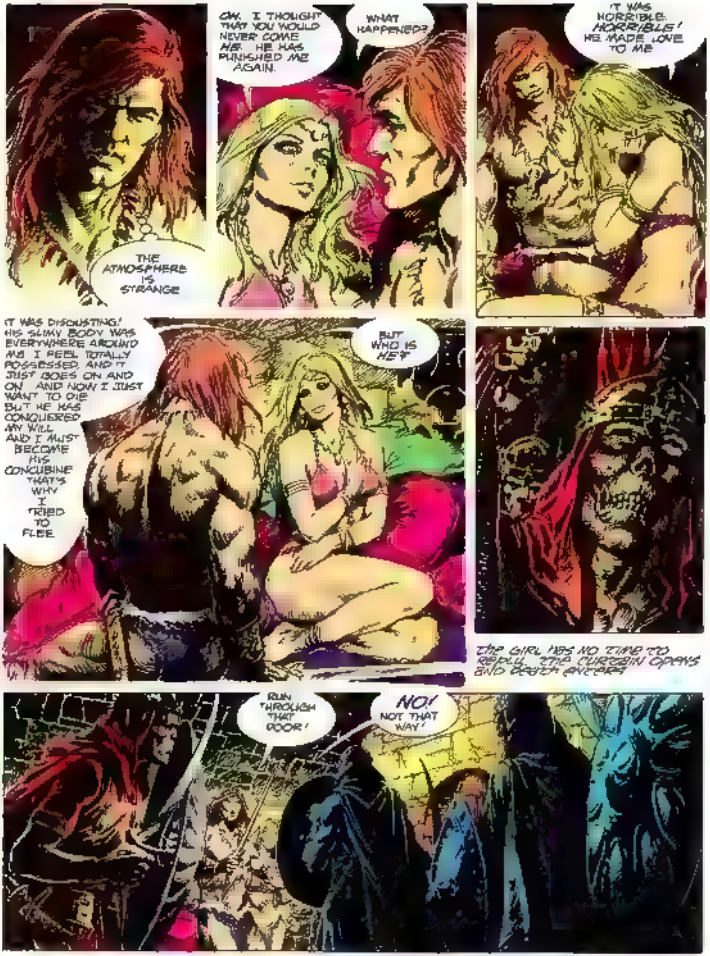
ARCANE REMEMBERS THE TALES OF G'ATH'OL, THE SECLUDED CITY OF THIEVES, AS TO THE OLD MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIOUS GOD WHO WARNS G'ATH'OL THE CITY, WHICH SLOWLY, AS IF BY MAGIC, BECOMES BURIED BY A CURSE

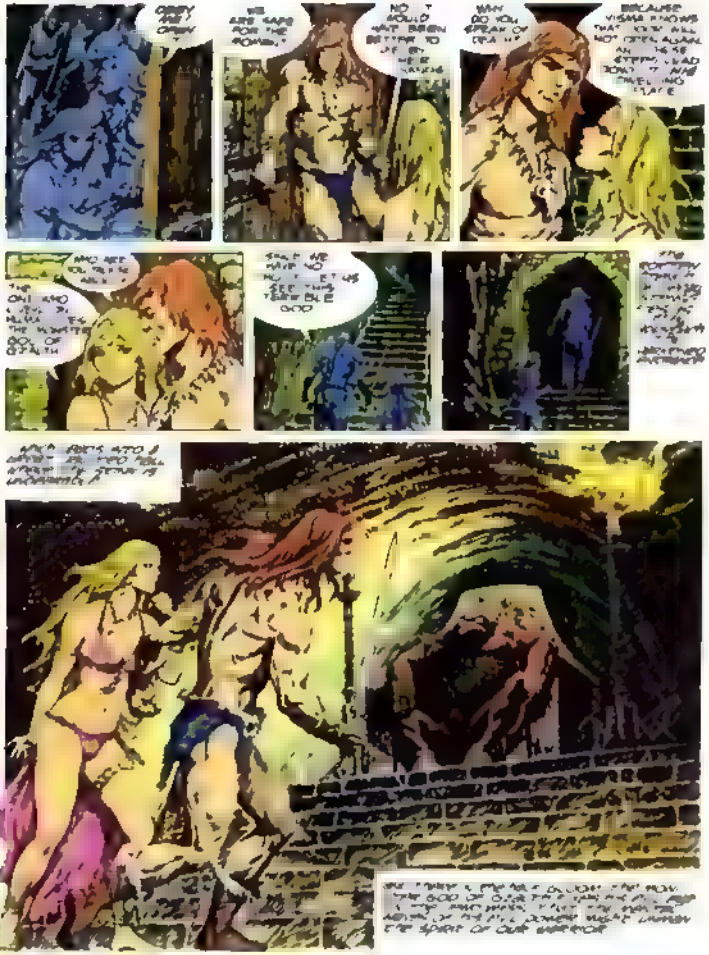
IN THE DEATHLY SILENT CITY THERE IS NO ONE ON THE STREETS, BUT THOSE CREATURES GAZING THROUGH

THE CITY IS LIKE A VAST TOMB IN WHICH ONLY SECRETS OF HELL'S HAVING LEAVES BEEN BURIED KNOWN THIS

CARRYING UNCONSCIOUS PRINCESS UNDERARM SCHWARTHAG DRIVES HIS STEED TO THE GIANT BLACK TOWER WHERE DOMINATRIX ZAG AWAITED HIM
LEAVING HIS HORSE IN A CLOSE BY INN SCHWARTHAG ENTERS THE TOWER ALL IS SILENT
SCHWARTHAG!
SMASH!
WHAT WAS A BLOCK OF STONE MERE SECONDS BEFORE IS NOW VORACIOUS TONGUES OF FIRE

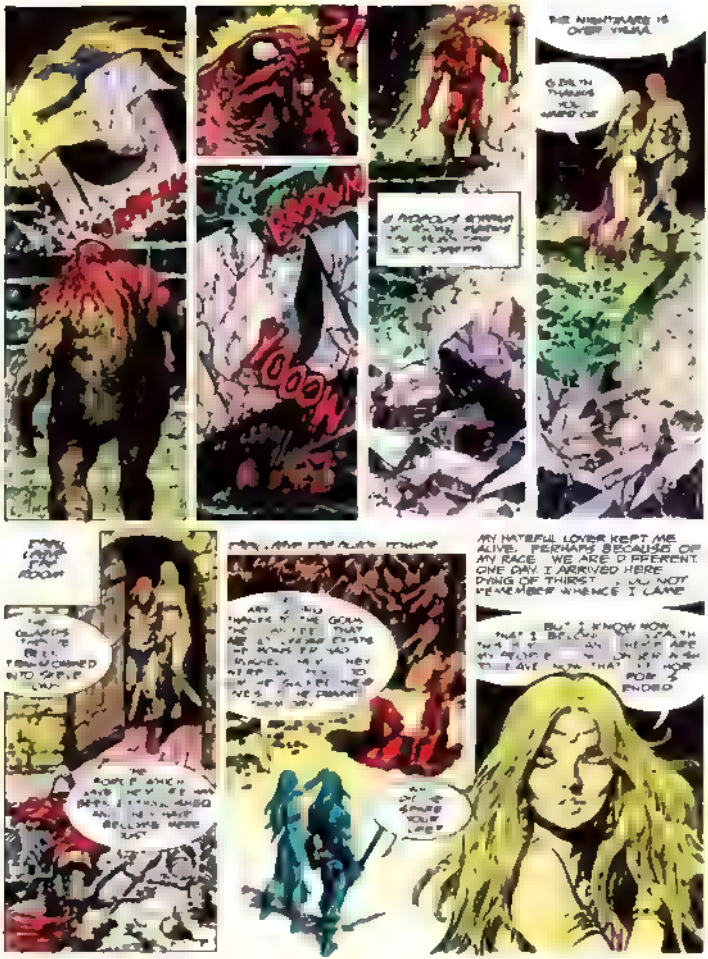
DURWARD DA, THE MYSTERIOUS PIPE SMOKER FINDS A NEW OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH
SECONDS LATER THE HERO IS GONE
IT SEEMS THE PIPE HAS ERASED WHAT LIES BEYOND THAT CURTAIN?


THE ATMOSPHERE IS STRANGE
OH, I THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD NEVER COME BACK. HE HAS PUNISHED ME AGAIN.
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT WAS HORRIBLE. HORRIBLE! HE MADE LOVE TO ME
IT WAS DISGUSTING! HIS SLIMY BODY WAS EVERYWHERE AROUND ME I FEEL TOTALLY POSSESSED AND IT JUST GOES ON AND ON AND NOW I JUST WANT TO DIE BUT HE HAS CONQUERED MY WILL AND I MUST BECOME HIS CONCUBINE THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO FLEE.
BUT WHO IS HE?
THE GIRL HAS NO TIME TO REPLY. THE CURTAIN OPENS AND DEATH APPEARS
RUN THROUGH THAT DOOR!
NO! NOT THAT WAY!


CRIPES, THAT CROW!
WE ARE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT.
NO. I WOULD NOT DREAM OF IT. BY HER LEAVE.
WHY DO YOU SPEAK OF IT SO?
BECAUSE VISHA KNOWS THAT YOU ALL NOT STEAL AWAY AS HE IS STEPPING AHEAD. DON'T WE, SWEETHEART?
WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE ONE WHO LIVES IN HILLS TO THE NORTH. SON OF DEATH
SHALL WE HELP HIM? LET US SEE THAT THEY DIE GOD
THE ROOTS OF A WHITE TREE ARE SAID TO REACH DOWN TO THE UNDERWORLD
WHO'S THERE WITH A GREEN SKIN? I'VE NEVER SEEN A STATUE OF UNDERWORLD
OH, THEY'RE THE MALE DEITIES OF THE UNDERWORLD. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. I JUST TOLD YOU, THE WOMEN OF THE PLACE ALWAYS WEAR THE SKIN OF THEIR WARRIOR

TAKE CARE!
CRACK

CRUNCH
CRUSH
GRRRAGGOOK
HIS SKULL HALF CRUSHED, THE MONSTER ATTACKS AGAIN!
RWRR
THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE!
USING ALL HIS STRENGTH, HIS MUSCLES EVEN BECOME DISTORTED BY THE EFFORT
LITLE BY LITLE THE HEAD OF HERCULE BEGINS TO MOVE


KRAK-AK
BROOM
BOOOM
THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER YRMA.
O, DELTH THANKS YOU, HARD OF
A HOOLOOM ATTACKS A DELTH PLANET AND KILLS EVERYONE
FROM THERE THE BOOM
AND THE DELTH WHO WERE CONVERTED INTO SERVILE LIVES
AND THE BOOM IS GONE AND THE DELTH ARE FREE AGAIN. I WILL ASSIST AND HELP THEM REBUILD HERE OUT
FROM THERE THE BOOM
AND THE DELTH WHO WERE CONVERTED INTO SERVILE LIVES
AND THE BOOM IS GONE AND THE DELTH ARE FREE AGAIN. I WILL ASSIST AND HELP THEM REBUILD HERE OUT
AM I SO THANKFUL TO THE GODS THAT THE DELTH ARE FREE AGAIN
BUT WHERE IS YRMA?
ONE OF THEM SAID SHE WENT
MY HATEFULL LOVER KEPT ME ALIVE. PERHAPS BECAUSE OF MY RACE. WE ARE DIFFERENT. ONE DAY, I ARRIVED HERE DYING OF THIRST. I DO NOT REMEMBER WHENCE I CAME.
BUT I KNOW NOW THAT I BELONG TO THE DELTH
THAT I BELONG HERE
MY PEOPLE ARE HERE
I HAVE NOW THAT I NEED FOR
ENDED

LATER...
I MUST LEAVE NOW, TO AVOID THE SUN ON THE DESERT!
TELL EVERYONE THAT OZALTH IS NO LONGER A CURSED CITY, AND THAT GREAT WEALTH AWAITS THEM
I WILL DO THAT, VISHNA
FAREWELL, WARRIOR! WE SHALL NOT FORGET YOU.
HOW HAPPY I WILL BE NOW, THAT THE MONSTER-GOD IS GONE!
NOW I CAN BE MYSELF!
I DID NOT LIE TO THE WARRIOR WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT MY FACE IS DIFFERENT
VERY DIFFERENT
AND, IF THERE IS NO ONE TO DOMINATE ME, IT IS I WHO WILL DOMINATE!
YES! TELL EVERYONE TO COME TO OZALTH BRAVE STRANGER! THAT IS WHY I LET YOU GO
YES! YES! TELL THE WORLD TO COME TO OZALTH FOR MY TRIBUTE! A PARADISE!
I AWAIT THEM!
FIN

RESCUE from a BLACK HOLE

Lured to this area of the galaxy to investigate the source of a large burst of radiation, a federation research group aboard the vessel *Hibori* probed this curious system subject to a wandering black hole to observe and measure its effects. They found that a Blue Giant had trapped a few massive Black Holes in relativity. Some orbit and was rapidly losing matter to its companion causing immense bursts of radiation.

The research group observed that the entire planetary system was being drawn into its center by the increased gravity and that the Black Hole would eventually consume everything.

As immediately began a survey of the planets finding on the sixth planet populated by a weird life form unlike any previously observed. The Hibori decided to attempt a rescue. They found that they could transmit matter from one system to a blue jelly-like mass. The crew observed the colony building well apparently to keep enough plantlike creatures out of their mound. The planet was have been forced into unusual activity by increased temperatures as they plunged nearer the sun.

In the picture a technician wearing a radsuit, uses a portable wall cable to examine the biology of the small creatures & determine the extent of radiation damage. Because of their planet's slow rotation the animals had received little radiation and are even here observing them closely as possible for the first time.

The crew labored among the dark excavating the mound and stored it with a large sampling of the soil into life forms into the ship's hold. Surprisingly the crew encountered no resistance in the operation and the operation went smoothly. However with the added weight the *Hibori* could no longer develop enough power & pull away from the gravitational field of the double star. Instead the ship accelerated toward the Black Hole passing close enough to its high gravity to whip it into escape velocity.

The perilous maneuver required precision timing, but proved to be successful. Unfortunately the sudden acceleration was so much for the gas creatures. Efforts by the crew to protect the animals were vain, unprotected and be ge ourand perished. Plants and other creatures endured the flight and these were successfully transferred in a simulated home environment at the Xi Xi Zoological Enviarium of Empire. Efforts at such discovered has the source of the ge creatures has survived and a new colony of these gentle guardians was successfully cultivated.

From the Stellar Journals of Kurt B. Kofwed

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

RESCUE from a BLACK HOLE

Lured to this area of the galaxy to investigate the source of a large burst of radiation, a federation research group always on the cutting edge of new planetary discovery soon found themselves involved in a wondering, black hole of the most perverse and intriguing of effects. They called it a Blue Giant had trapped a new massive Black Hole in relatively close orbit and was engulfing it in its entirety causing immense bursts of radiation.

The research group observed that the entire planetary system was being drawn into its center by the increased gravity and that the Black Hole would eventually consume everything.

The immediate began a survey of the planets finding one life-sore planet populated by a small life form unlike any previously observed. The Helion dreaded to attempt a rescue. They found that the sicker warmbals was the double again of a blue jelly-like mass. The crew observed the colony building walls apparently to keep swamp slimelike creatures out of their mound. The planet may have been moved into unusual orbits by the tension temperatures as they plunge nearer the sun.

In the picture a technician wearing a safe suit uses a portable scan table to examine the biology of the small creatures & determine the extent of radiation damage. Because of their planet's dim, watch the animals had received little solar radiation and are seen here observing them. Direct sun possible for the first time.

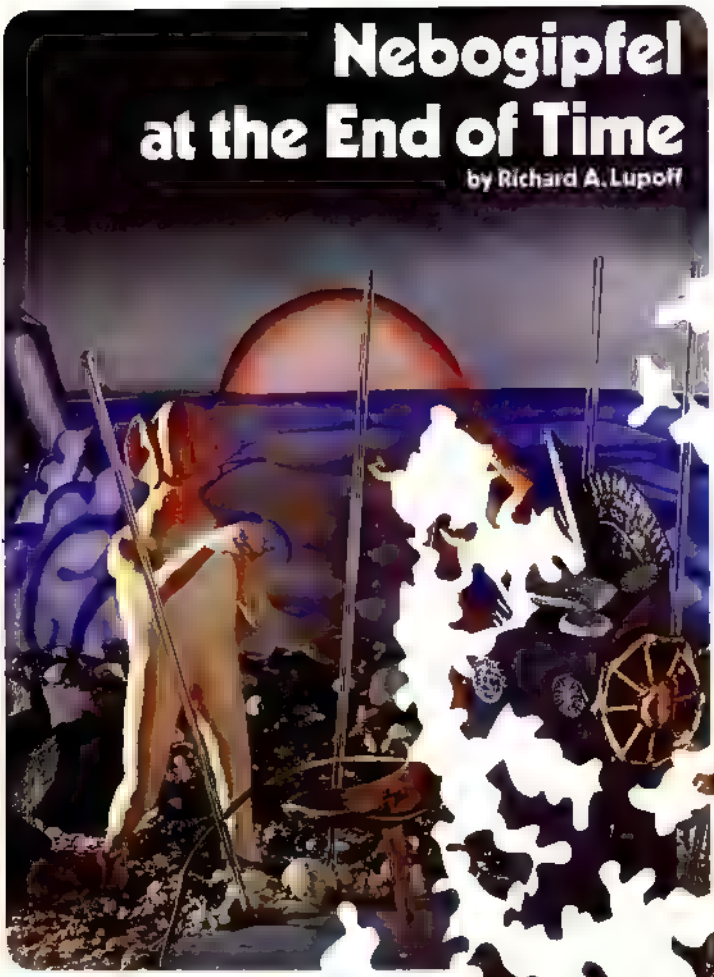
The crew labored around the clock excavating the mound and moved it with a large semi-fluid of the soil and life forms on the ships hold. Surprisingly the crew encountered no resistance in the extraction and the operation went smoothly. However with the added weight the Helion could no longer develop enough power & pull away from the gravitational field of the double-star. Instead the ship accelerated toward the black hole passing close enough to its high gravity & whip it into escape velocity.

The perilous maneuver required precision timing, but proved to be successful. Unfortunately the sudden acceleration was too much for the jelly creatures. Either by the crew to probe the animals were safe unguarded, and he get onboard perished. Plants and other creatures endured the flight and have been successfully transplanted in a simulated biome environment at the Main Zoological Preserve of Empire. There it was discovered that the spore of the jel creatures had survived and a new colony of these gentle animals was successfully cultivated.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B Kofoed*

Nebogipfel at the End of Time

by Richard A. Lupoff



The first of them to appear came from the sky. There was a flash like ball lightning, there was a clap of thunder, there was the rush and flutter of great heavy wings, and he was there: a gleaming godlike figure with streaming golden hair, perfect features, a torso all sinew and strength.

With his wings he pressed himself upward through the thick warm air, surveying the water and its gray, ragged rocks, he black gravelled beach and dun mossy dunes. A few horrid creatures slo through the dark, oily waters, their sharp senses tuned, their quick brains excited by the sudden quick movements, gained ultimately at one another's expense.

The gleaming newcomer lifted his pinions, banked, swept lower over the face of the water. Behind him, sunk perpetually half below the horizon, a flat, misty sun glared redly across dim, disperted ripples. Greedy tentacles whipped upward from beneath the surface of the sea. The tentacles were as thin as wires, as agile as wall eels, as powerful as woven steel. The great winged man eluded them with casual ease, rose a short distance above the dark, coarse beach and, dropping easily into the sand, lit gracefully.

A little ripple of life went up the man who had been lying firmly on sand, and he was up. Many pebbles clung to his back against the beach. The man's servants, before the presence of Caleb, saw he armed in face of this silence. By dull dunes, his shadow long and black before him outlined by the dim red glare of the dying sun. The man's turning, easy and nonchalant seemed somehow to disconcert the leaping predator. The man's hand caught an almost accidental blow and sent it skittering back into the gravelish beach, where it landed with a clatter on its back and began at once to struggle frantically. Even so the crab had not righted itself before a dozen rival predators had attacked it from all sides, tearing away its waving claws and then boring through the exposed openings in its carapace to find the soft nourishment inside.

A hundred strides down the beach, there was a sudden pop as a globe like a shimmering opal or a bubble appeared over the black cinders, hovered and shook briefly. Then exploded softly. From within it a couple se- food upon the strand. They stood, gazing tentatively for a short while as the winged man, then began carefully on quivering pipestem legs to make their way toward him.

The winged man advanced to meet the newcomers. His great muscular strides devouring the distance that their tiny thin legs could barely nibble at. The couple seemed to be man and woman but each showed only vestigial characteristics of gender or of their animal nature at all. Their heads were huge and domelike, with only the lightest suggestion of down above the ears. Their ears were huge and, moved as if of their own will, their eyes were tiny and deep sunken, but still they blinked and squinted in the dim red sunlight.

Above there was a screaming roar as a great black ellipsoid half-appeared, circling over the beach, growing alternately more and less solid in appearance. The noise that the object made faded and grew in concert with its growing and lessening solidity. Great pencil screws held the thing above the beach, and multi-faceted gemlike surfaces glowed and dimmed as it moved this way and that through the heavy air.

Slowly the machine seemed to stabilize in the air then to lower itself carefully, until it had come to rest on the strand. One of the jewels in its skin revolved slowly, then rolled away from the ellipsoid and lay against the black, dull surface of the machine. A small party of people slowly emerged from the machine. They were dark skinned, and their garments made them look as though they had their outfits included black pointed hoods that largely concealed their faces, what could be seen of these showed them to be as black and dull as the clothing and the ship in which they had arrived.

For what seemed like hour upon hour they and the man's strange grotesque vehicles. Some by spectacles announced prowess in some de- his wings a drug- spoke excitedly to sheer mental power. Some involuntarily. Some unknowingly. As one by one but all manifestations he beach ceased. The dark ugly duties there suddenly appeared an entire city. Towers were of white marble and shining glass. Up gaze were yellow, brown and black-veined ivory. Its people had pale yellow skins and were robes of indigo and gold.

When appearance ceased at the beach, he casts eastern, in the highest point of its highest tower and gazed into the center of the glowing half hidden sun and seemed to lose himself set out through the yellow horn and teakwood gates, and make his way up the [illegible] beach and [illegible]

We are here, the man from the city of towers said as he approached the others standing on the beach. It seemed a pointless comment, he did not himself know what he meant.

The nearest to him, a woman of the black ellipsoid, turned her black-hooded face toward him. She nodded. Ah, we are all here. Your master and your people will not leave their

The other shook his head, in the universal sign, his indigo robes rustling.

It is time that he arrive, another voice said. The two turned to see whose it was. The speaker was one of the wizened couple. It is time his speech [illegible]

He is coming, a voice asserted. There was a rustling all up and down the beach. He is coming, coming, coming, voices echoed, whispered, shivered back in silence.

Then time, the golden, winged man said. He raised a muscled arm pointed across the oily sea. Where half [illegible]

In [illegible] and [illegible] stood [illegible] black heads punctured in a red bull's-eye target.

A chorus of indrawn breaths were drawn.

The travelers on the beach there were stones now drew their [illegible] the shimmering bubble, stationed themselves [illegible] each [illegible] forty paces apart at the edge of the sea. Tiny wavelets lapped at the edges of their soft-shoe feet leaving a residue of pinkish foam on the pliant, leathery slippers that they wore.

Between them, strung in a gentle curve were all the others in black-clad, hooded figures from the gent- distress ellipsoid, the men and the women who had arrived by time-gas and by time-drug, by time-snake, and by time-ship, those who had arrived by [illegible] [illegible] weeping from a great glass coffin of cushions and of blossoms and [illegible] and screaming from a narrow beneath the black cinders bench itself, the insides [illegible] seen from the city of towers, and the wagon goggling from the sky above the sea.

There was a hush as they all stared at the black disk upon the red disk, the shapes of color reflecting from them across the face of the oily sea to the edge of the black cinders beach. Then a voice broke the silence. How will we know him, the voice asked.

By his face, one replied. By his haggard face. His bruised face, his face of despair.

By his clothing another said. By his quaint clothing, his rough cloth trousers and oddly buttoned jacket and the strange cloth cap he wears on his head and the stranger cloth streamer that he ties about his throat.

By his machine, a third claimed. By his strange, square, ugly machine that looks all askew with its ivory bars and its brass railings, its shining rod of quartz and its odd ugly saddle.

And how will he know us, the seer from the city of towers asked [illegible]

We will call him by name. We will call him Nebogipfel.

Nebogipfel.

It was as if the name had summoned the man from out of time's grasp. In the center of their half-circle he appeared. The time [illegible] machine [illegible] ugly and askew. The traveler bore his face of despair.

He rose from the saddle of his machine, slid the starting lever carefully into a notched position and locked there. He stepped [illegible] the crunching gravel, stared at the black disk that stood before the sun's blood-red demicircle for a little while, then wheeled slowly, gazing at the face of each of the many who had waited to greet him.

He shook his head sadly.

Is this? He gestured with both hands, holding them as far apart as his face were spread on the black cinders. The palms were turned

toward each other

"Is this all? Is this the end? The end of it all?"

He pointed at the red, dying sun with the round black blemish now rolling slowly past its center toward the edge where the dim gaze faded into the blackness of the sky. He moved his hand so that the eye that followed was led across the oily surface of the sea where only the occasional furious eruption of predator and prey broke the red-trimmed mourning field.

All strong, all dreaming, all thought and suffering brings us to this.

He gave a shrug of hopelessness. A ripple jagged his face into a momentary hideous grin.

But we had greatness, one of the others challenged. In my time and my time men built cities that towered above the tallest trees filled their halls with philosophers and actors, musicians and tumblers and living, naked tableaux. Our glories were recorded on parchment and cellulose, in marble and in granite. The words beheld us and

Trembled? Nebogipfel supplied

No, the other shook his head. No one trembled before us. The world smiled in joy, traded its goods for our art, sang the praises of our creations. We were beloved of the whole world. That was our greatness.

And now? Nebogipfel asked. And now? What is there now of our greatness

The other was silent

In my day a different voice spoke in my ear, we marched. The voice was harsh, strong, confident. All who stood before us, we slew. The rest we made slaves. In my day none could resist. We were the bravest, we were the strongest, we were the bravest. We were never beaten. Never. Never. Never.

Well, said Nebogipfel, I bow to your splendor. I am dazzled by your might. Your empire stretches before me and I cringe in awe.

He swept an arm encompassing black cinders, blind red waters, black sky.

In my day another claimed we saw these times. Yes, we had come on the earth. We dug and we learned and we saw that we had not been the first, and we knew that we would not be the last either unless we burned the world and left behind only a dead stone. So we built. Not cities? No. Not fortresses? We built ark-ships to other worlds, ships to sail to other stars, bolts to carry our seed from the ruins of this world to the wombs of a million waiting mothers scattered across God's whole realm? Down into the dust for us down into the dust, but our chil-ren live! Yes they live yet on a million stars in every direction

And yet we, just begin? A million stars? What did your age know of the universe, Nebogipfel? How many worlds did you visit?

Seven? Seventy? Seventy thousand?

A billion worlds, Nebogipfel, a billion worlds in one cruise!

The speaker bent and lifted a blackened pebble from beneath his feet

What are a billion of these, Nebogipfel

He hurled the cinder at the tweed-suited time traveler in the center of the ring. The cinder struck Nebogipfel on the cheek, split the skin above the bone and fell, clattering, onto the beach. A new trickle of blood dribbled down the time traveler's face and soaked into his soft shirt collar.

The other traveler smiled

A billion suns? Nebogipfel asked. What are ten billion billion suns? How long will they burn? Ten billion billion years? And then what?

He threw out an arm, gesture ing across the sea

This?

The black disk had vanished behind the reddish, a little scratch returned to the tired music air

And after this? Another hundred thousand years, or another hundred million, even this ends

He pulled his soft cloth cap from his head. Straw-colored hair stuck up in all directions. The time traveler drew the cap across his face so the smooth silken lining covered his eyes. He lowered his head as if in sacred homage, his image a gesture to his own inevitable end

But our children! the other exclaimed

[illegible]

The other shouted, [illegible] the dying sun. Around him the ranks of the assembled time travelers shook their heads and made noises

Then our grandchildren. Our great-grandchildren

Nebogipfel did not move

The travelers remained in silence

One of the two pipestem-legged travelers advanced across the black cinders, unsteadi- limbs quavering with every step. The figure halted, facing Nebogipfel, staring up at Nebogipfel, who stood twice the height of the other

The taller figure lowered the cap from before his eyes and stood, holding it in his hand, looking downward into the great, solemn, squinting-eyed countenance. An involuntary grin worked its way across Nebogipfel's features

Yes?

We knew you were coming here today, Nebogipfel. What do you think the [illegible] would see? [illegible] coincidence? Do you think that these travelers from so many [illegible] so many races, so many civilizations, all happened to arrive here on this beach today by chance?

The thin mouth drew back in a wry expression

Nebogipfel tugged his cloth cap back onto his straw-colored head. I suppose there was [illegible] drew himself up to his full height so he towered more than twice over the tiny figure. This is the end of my journey, Nebogipfel said. I miss the grandeur of my era. I miss my Weena. I hate the world it is. 802,701 and every year age a novel twisted only made me more sadden with gloom, more burdened with hopelessness

All want is to go back to my home. Here.

He slapped a hand on the saddle of his time machine, setting the whole thing in quivering and upping as if it were about to tumble into the black cinders or the blood-red water

That is precisely what you must not do. The only figure piped. I shall board again with Mrs. Watchett, Nebogipfel said. I shall contribute another seventeen papers on physical optics to the *Philosophical Review*. I shall become the most ordinary of men among ordinary men. No more shall I see the white sphinx

There you are wrong, the little being piped. Officiously he gesticulated and men and women moved forward from the semicircle that stood surrounding Nebogipfel. Strong [illegible] time traveler Cords appeared and he was bound and placed on the saddle of his machine

We are all time travelers, Nebogipfel, by the little being said. But we are the products of our [illegible] when we are faint reflections. You say that you despair of the ultimate end of life. What would you call it? Some would say, the ultimate entropy. Some would say the heat death of the universe. Some would say the cosmic collapse

But your own philosophy says, there is no forever. There is nothing that endures unending. When the universe reaches its end, Nebogipfel, what lies beyond the end? What lies beyond the end?

Again the little being gestured. A hand moved on every hand on Nebogipfel's time machine. Another turned the glittering quartz rod

Nebogipfel shouted, No! Send me back! Send me back!

But the other said, Yes. You must go on, Nebogipfel! Once you have tasted of futurity there is no returning. You must go onward, not back. What lies beyond the end, Nebogipfel? What lies beyond the end

A tiny hand gestured. A powerful hand reached, unlocked the [illegible] Nebogipfel shouted. The machine and its rider flickered, faded, disappeared from the beach

The tiny figure returned to its place at the edge of the pink foaming sea.

None of us will know, one of the people standing there said. Nebogipfel knows. Another said

What does it all mean?

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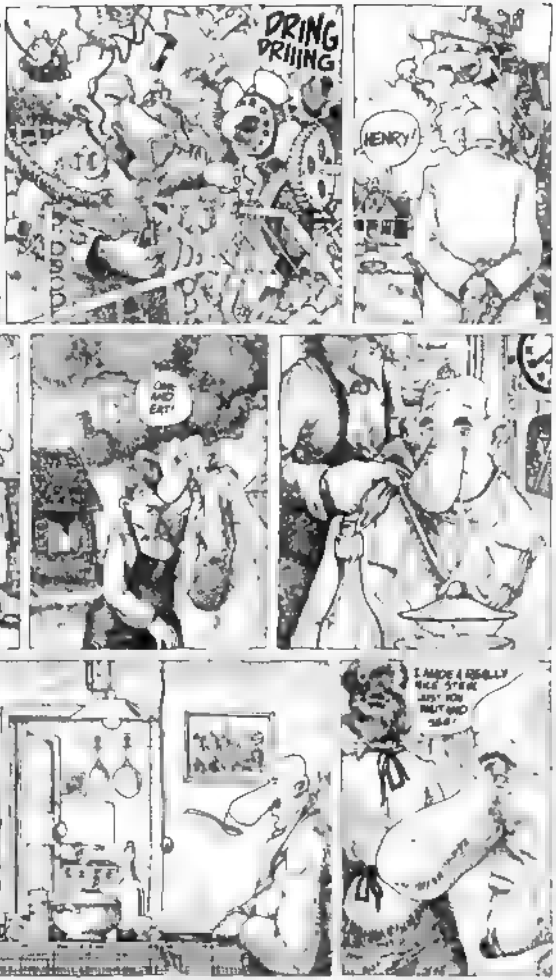
unusually tough, as in *heavy duty*. 2) oppressive
heavy-footed, *adj.*, heavy or clumsy in walking.
heavy-handed, *adj.*, 1) clumsy, tactless. 2) oppressive
tyrannical.
heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily, power, influence. as "he is a man of *heavy metal*." 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced, loud rock music with strong, sensuous rhythms. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction, fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc.
he racket, *n.* (Slang), a branch of crime that involves or m personal violence.
compound like water, composed of oxygen ...en of atomic weight 2, water enrich... studies and as a moderator ...thing much ...

HWB 78

URBAN RENEWAL

the sweet smell of science

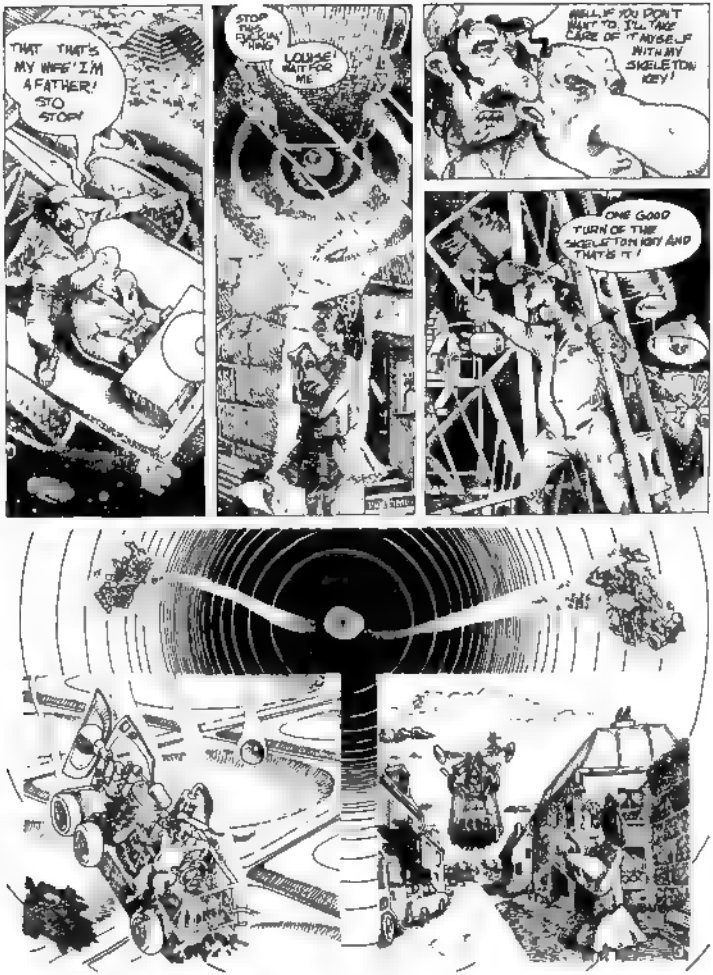


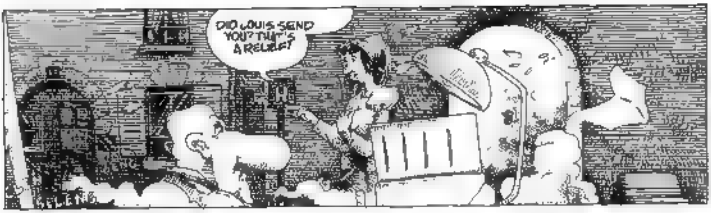
STOP THAT!

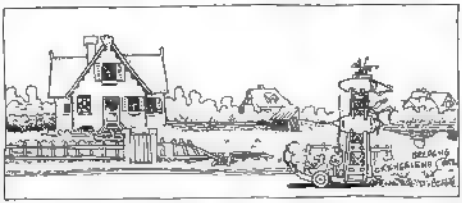
POW!
NRRUUM

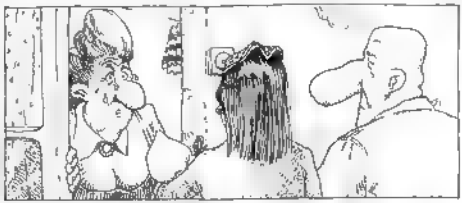
WHAT A RELIEF!
FOR TWO DAYS I'VE BEEN HAVING AROUND MY NEIGHBORS A HORSE SHORT ON THE BUNCH, I GUESS
EVER SINCE THEY MADE US THAT OFFER OF POWER, YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT'S UP WITH THIS ROAD!
AND HE WAS HE STILL WAITING FOR ME AT THE CLINIC. POOR THING. SHE'S GOT A BUN IN THE OVEN
YOUR CRATE SURE IS A HELL OF A MACHINE, MR. RIVERS. TO THIS DAY, SINCE AND ALL THE RIGHT "HOTNESS" COMES ON, YOU CAN'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME. I'VE GOT AN EXPERT'S EYE.
HEY! IT'S A CLINIC TOO!
FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS

NO! LOUISE!


THAT THAT'S MY WIFE! I'M A FATHER! STO STOP!
STOP THAT DAMN THING!
LOUISE! WAIT FOR ME
WELL IF YOU DON'T WANT TO I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF WITH MY SKELETON KEY!
ONE GOOD TURN OF THE SKELETON KEY AND THAT'S IT!





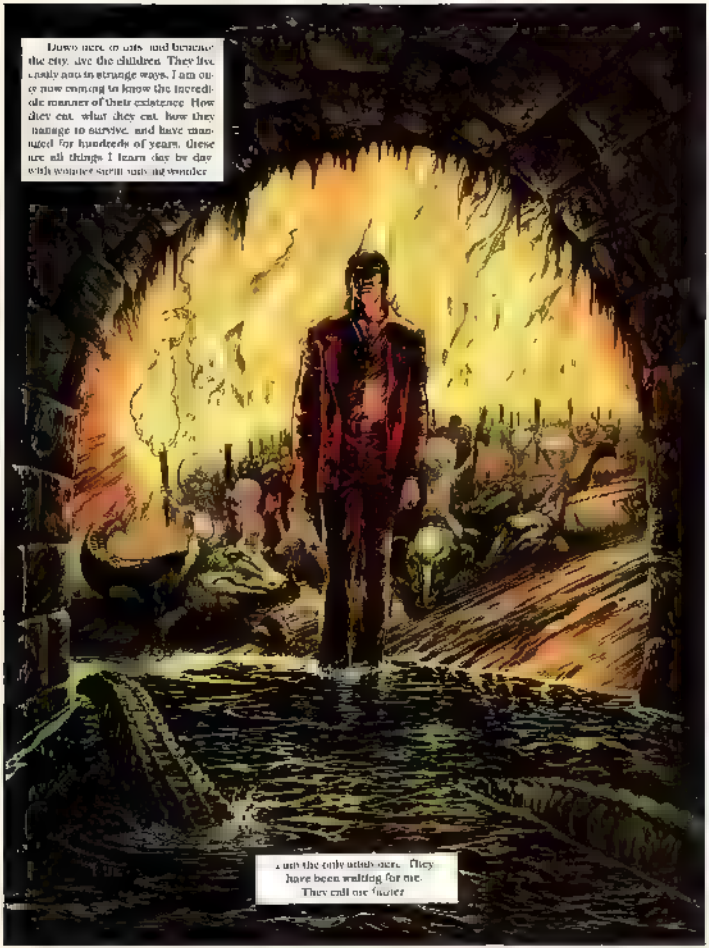


AND SO, LOUIS ZARZO EXPLORES FUTURE AGES.

WHILE HENRY SCHLITZ-SMITH AND HIS WIFE TAKE IN THE POOR ORPHAN

JOHN BLAB SINKS A HOLE.

GOOD NEWS IN BOB'S NEWSPAPER.


Down here, to this land beneath the city, live the children. They live, cruelly and in strange ways. I am only now coming to know the incredible manner of their existence. How they eat, what they eat, how they manage to survive, and have managed for hundreds of years. These are all things I learn day by day with wonder, until my return.
I am the only outsider. They have been waiting for me. They call me Father.

CROATOAN

by Harlan Ellison, Tom Sutton, Alfredo Alcala, and Stephen Oliff

Beneath the city, there is yet another city: wet and dark and strange: a city of sewers and moist scuttling creatures and running rivers so desperate to be free not even Styx flits there. And in that lost city beneath the city I found the child.

Oh my God, if I knew where to start. With the child? No, before that. With the alligators? No, earlier. With Carol? Probably. It always started with a Carol. Or an Andrea. A Stephanie. Always someone.

"Stop it! Damnit, just stop it!" I said stop," and I had to hit her.

It wasn't that hard a crack, but she had been weaving, moving, stumbling, she went over the coffee table, all the fifty dollar gift books coming down on top of her. Wedged between the sofa and the overturned table

I kicked the table out of the way and bent to help her up, but she grabbed me by the waist and pulled me down, crying, begging me to do something. I felt her and put my face in her hair and cried, I say something right but what I did say?

Denise and Joanna had left, taking the bike tools with them. She had been quiet, almost as though stunned by the hammer, after they had scraped her

Quiet, stunned, dry-eyed but hollow-eyed, watching me with the plas-

dic Baggie. The sound of the toilet flushing had brought her running from the kitchen.

I heard her coming and caught her just as she started through the hall to the bathroom as the water sucked the Baggie down and away.

"I-do something," she gasped.

After a few minutes, she spiraled down into dry sandpapered sighs. I lifted her onto the sofa, and she looked up at me.

"Go after him, Gabe. Please, go after him."

"Come on, Carol, stop it. I feel lousy about—"

She found a place where untapped tears waited, and I sat there across from the sofa, for almost half an hour wishing she was dead, wishing I was dead, wishing everyone was dead — except the kid.

"Go after him, you son-of-a-bitch!" she screamed.

"I can't go after him, dammit, he's in the plumbing; he's in the river by now! Let me alone!" I was screaming back at her.

I kept saying it, and Carol, over and over, holding her

But He was the only one who was dead.

Flushed.

Bagged and flushed.

I had never heard anyone sound that way, ever. Not ever. It frightened me. Riptides beneath the surface of her words created trembling images of shadow women drinking Evasso, floating face up in thick, red bath water. Their hair rippling out like jellyfish.

I knew she would do it. I couldn't support that knowledge.

"I'll try," I said.

When I reached the street, still and cold in the pre-dawn, I thought I would walk down to the Drive and mark time till I could return and console her with the lie that I had tried but failed.

But she was standing at the window, staring down at me.

I looked from the manhole cover to the window and back again, and again, and again. She waited. Watching. I went to the iron cover and got down on one knee and tried to pry it up. Impossible. I inserted my fingertips (vivid) and finally stood thinking I had satisfied her.

I took one step toward the building and realized she was no longer at the window.

went to her and looked down to her face. She knew what I was asking. Isn't this enough? Haven't I done enough?

She held out the rod. No, I hadn't done enough.

It moved with difficulty, and I strained to pry it off the hole. When it fell, it made a clanging in the street that rose up with an alarming suddenness. I had to push it aside with both hands.

When I broke up from that crack of darkness that lay waiting, and turned to the spot where she had given me the rod, she was gone.

I looked up. She was back in the window.

The subway was unwashed city drifted up from the manhole, chill and condemned. There was no rational reason for going down into the sewers. None.

But there were eyes on me from an apartment window. It escaped me.

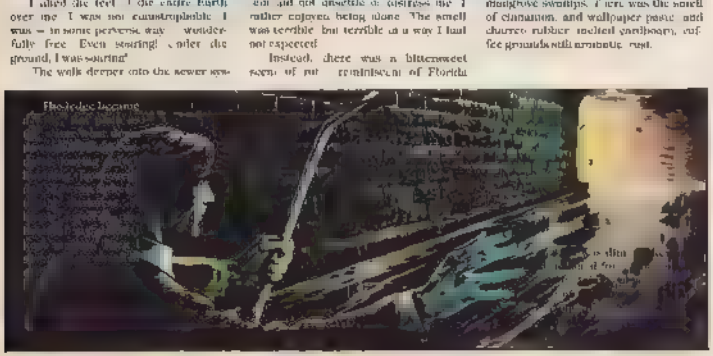
The smell of the earth is there where there is no earth. An open sewer waiting patiently for the corpse of the city to rot.
I stood on the ledge above the rushing tide sensing the soft, sweet weight of lost and discarded life that rode the waters, to be taken deeper depths

My God, I thought. I must be out of my mind. Just to be here. It had finally quickened after the years of casual sun and careless lies. The gray I hung. I'd always known

I shed the feel of the entire Earth over me. I was not claustrophobic. I was — in some perverse way — wonderfully free. Even soaring! Under the ground, I was soaring!

The walk deeper into the sewer system did not disturb or distress me. I rather enjoyed being alone. The smell was terrible but terrible in a way I had not expected.

Instead, there was a bittersweet scent of rot reminiscent of Florida mold, grove swamps. There was the smell of cinnamon, and wallpaper paste, and charred rubber, melted cardboard, coffee grounds with mammoth mud.



It was a commune of bladder-stiffs: derelicts gathered together beneath the streets for safety and for skeleton of camaraderie.

The hunkering men watched me come toward them. One of them said something, directly into the ear of the man beside him: he moved his lips very little and never took his eyes off me.

As I neared, the died stiffened expectantly.

One of them reached into a deep pocket of his overcoat for something bulky. I stopped and looked at them.

They looked at the heavy iron rod Carol had given me.

They wanted what I had, if they could get

I wasn't afraid. I was under the earth and I was part iron rod. They could not get what I had. They knew

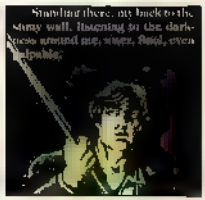
I retreated to the outer side of the channel, close to the wall.

Watching them carefully, not to hurt them, perhaps, several himself stood up and, throwing his head deeper into his pockets, [illegible] down the

He watched me, trying to see me more clearly. It seemed, as [illegible] deeper into the darkness. I turned my head first, [illegible]. Waiting, I heard [illegible] of rats in the [illegible].

He came around the bend, as my side of the channel. I did nothing, stayed for [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] position.

Standing there, my back to the stony wall, listening to the darkness around me, water, food, even [illegible].



There's no logic to why it happened. At first, Carol had been just another casual liaison, another bright mind to touch. I grew bored quickly.

It's not a sense of humor I seek every single, crawling member of the animal kingdom has a sense of humor—it's wit! Wit is the answer. Let me touch a woman with wit and a gigantic solid on the spot.

I said to her the first time I met her at a party. "Do you find around?"

"I don't fool," she said, instantly so, no need for rehearsal. "Fools bore me. Are you a fool?"

I was deadpan and floored in the same time I went fumfuh-fumfuh, and she didn't give me a moment. "Answer this one how many sides are there in a round building?"

I started to laugh. "I don't know," I said, "how many sides are there?"

"Two, she answered. "Inside and outside. I guess you're a fool. No, you may not take me to bed."

I was undone. She couldn't have said it better.

At first it was just casual, but she had depth, she had such an air of self-possession that it was inevitable I would start according her the attention she needed and wanted and without demanding

I came to care

Why didn't I take precautions? Again, there's no logic to it. I thought she was and for a while she was. Then she stopped, something in cerni. the gynecologist had suggested she go off the pill for a while. She suggested vasectomy to me. I chose to ignore the suggestion. But chose not to stop sleeping with her.

When I called Denise and Jeanna, and told them Carol was pregnant, they sighed. They said they considered me a public menace, but told me to tell her to come down to the Abortion Center. I told them, hesitantly, that it had gone too long, suction wouldn't work. Jeanna simply snarled "You thoughtless cocksucker!" and hung up the extension.

But, they came — Jeanna pausing a moment at the door to advise me this was the last time, the very last time, the last time she could stomach a chat. It was the last time and did I have that fixed firmly solidly embedded in my mind?"

Now I was here in the sewers.

I tried to remember what Carol looked like. But it wasn't an image I could fix in my mind half as solidly as I had fixed the thought that this Was The Last Time.

"You got no right to come down here, stay back upside where you belong. All of us know you make it bad. Mistry."

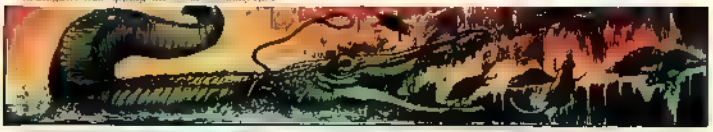
"Take your hands out of your pockets, slowly. I want to make sure you aren't going to hit me when I turn around. I'm going on down there, not back. Come on now, carefully."

I turned and went away from him.

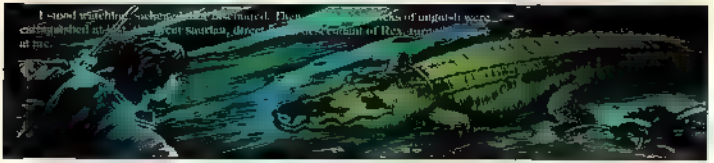
I continued walking. Sometimes I cried, but I don't know why, or for what, or for whom. Certainly not for myself.

I heard a beast of this [illegible] as something attacked them.

An alligator was ripping the [illegible] open.



I stood watching, [illegible] The [illegible] of alligators were [illegible] at [illegible] great snarlus, direct [illegible] of Re, [illegible] at me.



I moved back against the wall of the side tunnel as the alligator belly-crawled past me, dragging its leash.

I watched as scaled and cloaked feet leave deep prints in the muck underfoot, and I followed the beast, its trail clearly marked by the impression of the leash in the mud.

Frances had a five-year-old daughter. She took the little girl for a vacation to Miami Beach one year

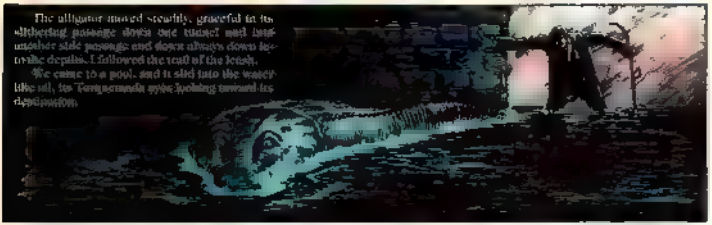
I flew home in a few hours

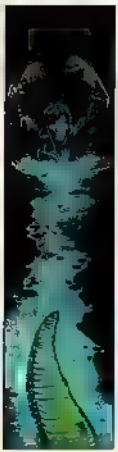
The daughter whose name I can't recall wanted a baby alligator. Cute. We brought it back on the plane in a cardboard box.

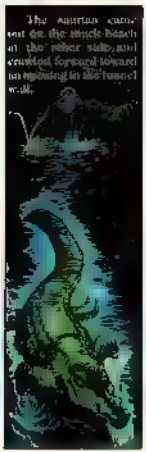
Less than a month later it had grown large enough to scare

Its teeth weren't that long, but I snapped. It was saying: this is what I'll be direct lineal descendant of Rex.

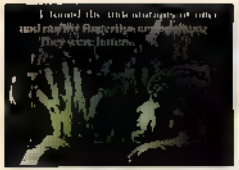
Frances flushed it down the toilet one night after we'd made love

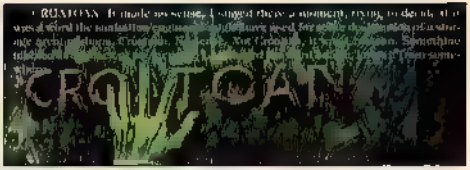

The alligator moved stealthily, graceful in its slithering passage down one tunnel and inconsequential side passage and down always down to the depths. I followed the trail of the beast.
We came to a pool, and it slid into the water like oil, its Tyrannosaurus eyes looking toward its destination.

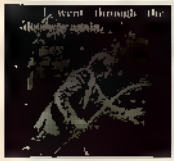


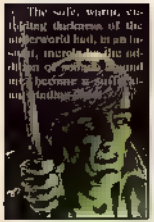


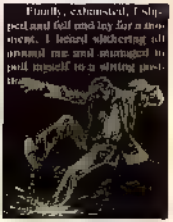
The opening gave into darkness, but as I pushed through, I reached my hand across the wall and felt a door. I stopped, anticipated, and felt in the darkness.
I walked through ... and stopped.
There had been





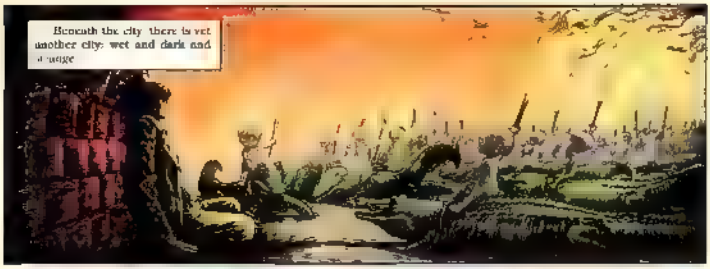


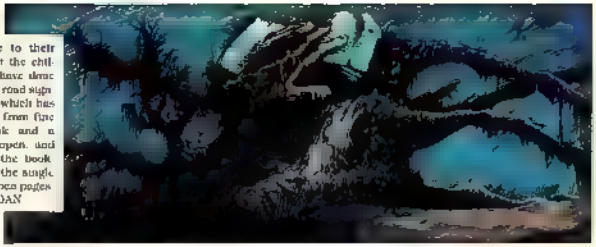

The safe, warm, enlightening darkness of the underworld had, in an instant, morphed into the nebulous of nothingness and became a suffocating


Finally, exhausted, I slipped and fell and lay for a moment. I heard slithering all around me and managed to pull myself to a sitting position

As the light grew closer and brighter, I saw there was something right beside me, the something that had touched me. It had been there for a time, watching me.

it was a child.
Naked, with eyes great and luminous, very young, but large. Its arms shorter than they should have been, purple and crimson veins crossing its bald skull like traceries of blood on a parchment. Fine even features, nostrils dilating as a breached whale's. The child stared at me. It looked up at me, saying nothing, watching me, a wonder in its world, watching me with saucer eyes the light behind flickering and pulsing. This child
Through came heaves and the light was many lights. Torches held aloft by the children who rode the alligators.





At the entrance to their land someone — not the children, they couldn't have done it — long ago built a road sign. It is a rotted log on which has been placed, carved from fine cherrywood, a book and a hand. The cook is open, and the hand rests on the book, one finger touching the single word carved in the open pages. The word is CROATOAN

On August 15, 1590, Governor John White of the Virginia colony managed to get back to the remained settlers of the Roanoke North Carolina colony.

They had been waiting three years for supplies, but politics, foul weather and the Spanish Armada has made it impossible.

When they reached the site of the colony though they found the stronghold walls still standing against possible Indian attacks, no sign of life greeted them.

The Roanoke colony had vanished. Every man, woman and child, gone. Only the word CROATOAN had remained.

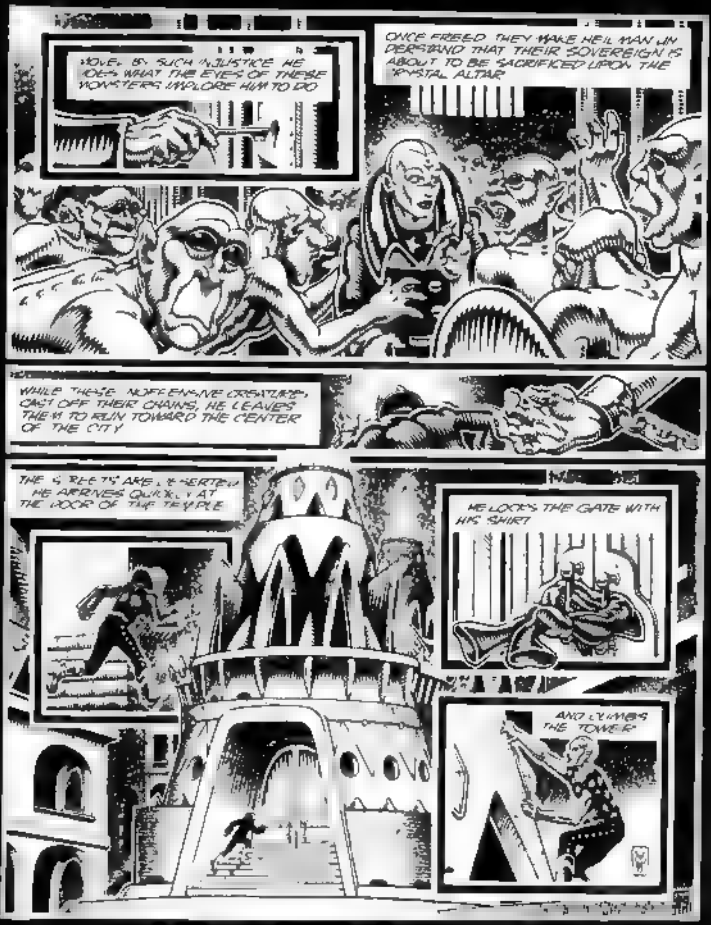
There was a Croatan island, but they were not there. All that remains of legend is the story of the child Virginia Dare and the mystery of what happened to the lost settlers of Roanoke.

HEILMAN
SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF A SPATIO-TEMPORAL WAVE APART FROM THE KARAL VORTEX OF THE KARAK CHAIN, SEVERAL HUMANOIDS
AN UNSEEN BUT SUBTLE SENSE HAVING PICKED UP THE MAGNETIC WAVE EMITTED BY HEILMAN AT THE TIME OF HIS DISINTEGRATION IN THE ROBOT DIMENSION
AS THE MAGNA ALENA OPENS THEIR PRESENT MARVEL AT THE UNUSUAL BEAUTY OF THE NEWCOMER

HE WORSHIPS TO THEIR BROTHERLY SALUTE AND STEPS TOWARD
A WINDOW BENEATH WHICH RISE THE TOWERS OF A CITY

LATER A CHARMING CREATURE ACTS AS GUIDE FOR OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL TOURIST
BUT A GUARDED DOOR SUDDENLY MAKES HIM DOUBT THE PERFECTION OF THIS ESOTERIC SOCIETY
HIS GUIDE HURRIES HIM PAST IT BUT HE TURNS BACK TO NOTICE A PITIFUL CROWD BEING PUSHED IMPERIOUSLY ALONG
THE NEXT DAY, ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PSEUDO-PARADISE HEAD TOWARD ITS CENTER FOR A COLLECTIVE ILLUMINATION, TO WHICH NEUMANN, NOT YET INITIATED IS NOT INVITED
HE USES THE TIME TO RETURN TO THE MYSTERIOUS DOOR HE HAD NOTICED EARLIER

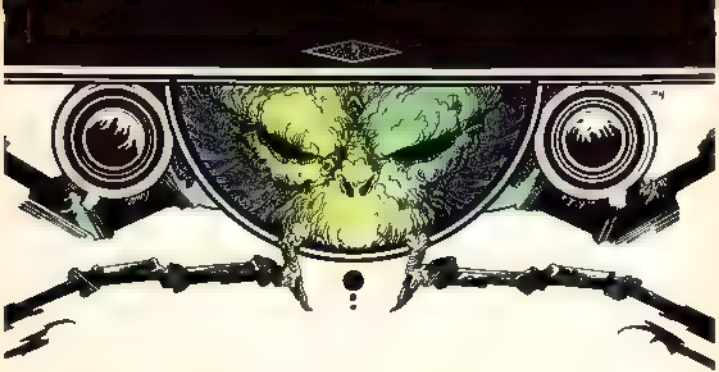
QUICKLY ENOUGH, HE UNDERSTANDS THAT HE MUST USE FORCE IF HE IS TO UNDERSTAND THE SECRET! HAVING NOTHING BUT HIS LIFE TO LOSE
HE ATTACKS
HE MEETS LITTLE RESISTANCE. STEPS OVER THE GUARDS MORE SUITED TO CONTEMPLATION THAN TO ACTION, AND DESCENDS A FEW STEPS TO DISCOVER
A TORTURE CHAMBER WHERE THE COSMIC COMRADES OF THIS IDYLLIC DIMENSION ENFORCE THEIR SUPERIORITY
OVER THOSE THEY CONSIDER THEIR INFERIORS


MOVED BY SUCH INJUSTICE HE DOES WHAT THE EYES OF THESE MONSTERS IMPLORE HIM TO DO
ONCE FREED THEY MAKE HEIL MAN UNDERSTAND THAT THEIR SOVEREIGN IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED UPON THE CRYSTAL ALTAR
WHILE THESE INOFFENSIVE CREATURES CAST OFF THEIR CHAINS, HE LEAVES THEM TO RUIN TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE CITY
THE GUARDS ARE ALERTED HE ARRIVES QUICKLY AT THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE
HE LOCKS THE GATE WITH HIS SHIRT
AND CLIMBS THE TOWER

THE MONARCH WHICH REIGNS OVER THIS PLANET HAS NOT BEEN AWARE THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO BE PRAISE THE BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY
IN THE END OF THE TEMPLE A BLADE WILL FALL TO CUT OFF THE HEAD OF THE KING. IF ONE OVERTURNS THE HOURGLASS THE SHEET WILL FALL EVEN FASTER AND WILL DESTROY THE VICTIM
THIS IS THE METHOD CHOSEN TO ELIMINATE THE PEACEFUL NATIVES WHO INHABIT THIS HARBOR OF TRANQUILITY LOST IN THE FOLDS OF THE UNIVERSE
LOSING NO TIME, HELMAN LEAPS ON A CABLE AND FLIES OVER THE FLOCK OF FOOLS WHOSE GAZE IS RIVETED ON THE ALTAR
WITH THOSE ACTIVATING THE PULLEYS THAT TILT THE BUCKET
AS HE SNATCHES THE QUEEN OF THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE, HER CABLE ON WHICH HE IS SUSPENDED INTERTWINES

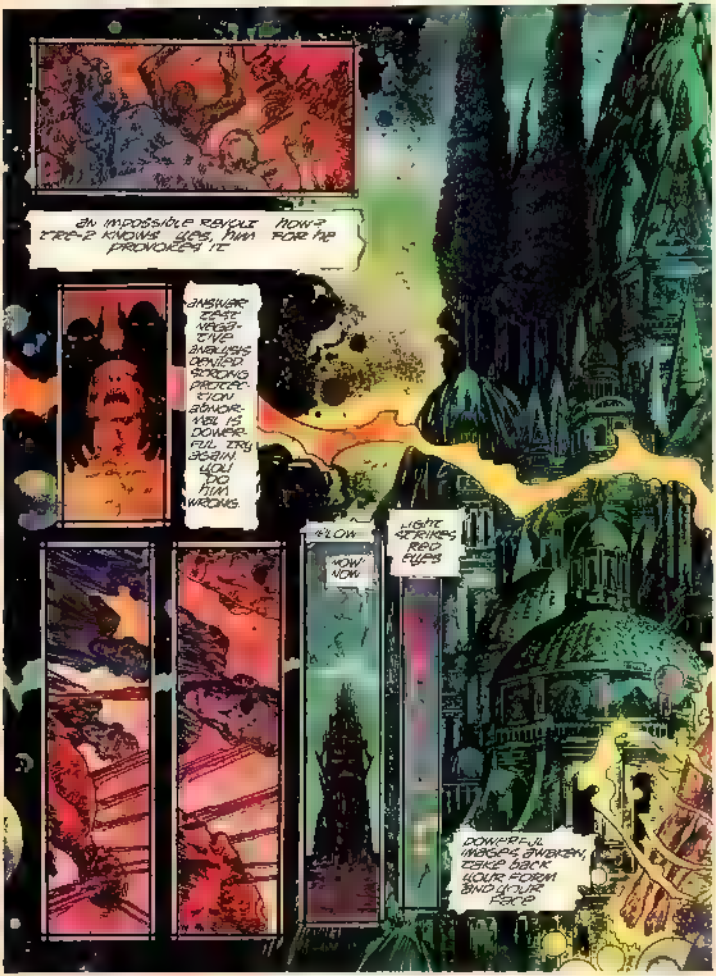
THE [illegible] OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE WHICH DAVIATT FLEES AS THE MAIN EXIT IS BLOCKED.
THEN, IN THE DEVASTATOR WALLS, HER MAN-SIZE JOINTS HAS FOUGHT BACK! ALLOWS TO DEFEAT FOR HIS OBLIGATION TO THE 19
THE SCREAMS FROM THE PA TERROR OF THE TEENAGE MANKIND [illegible] HAVING FREED THE 19 [illegible] HE IS DISCHARGED TO DIE [illegible]
ALREADY, MORE THAN HALF THE RACE HAS PERISHED IN THE ACCIDENTAL GENOCIDE

IMAGINING A LOVELY FUTURE FOR HIMSELF WITH NO PLACE AMONGST THESE "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" FOR HIM, HE IS OVERCOME WITH THE DESIRE TO PUT AN END TO HIS MATERIAL LIFE ON THIS EXISTENTIAL PLANE
HE QUIETLY EMBRACES AS THEY CONVERT THE FORM OF THEIR LIBERATED QUEEN
AS HE TURNS HIS EYE TURNING AROUND TO SEE WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE WALKING HER TO BE AS LAS HOLY AS AN ANGEL HATED BY HE TURNS HIMSELF IN A SEXUAL LUNGE INTO THE ARMS OF THE FEMALE
TO BE CONTINUED

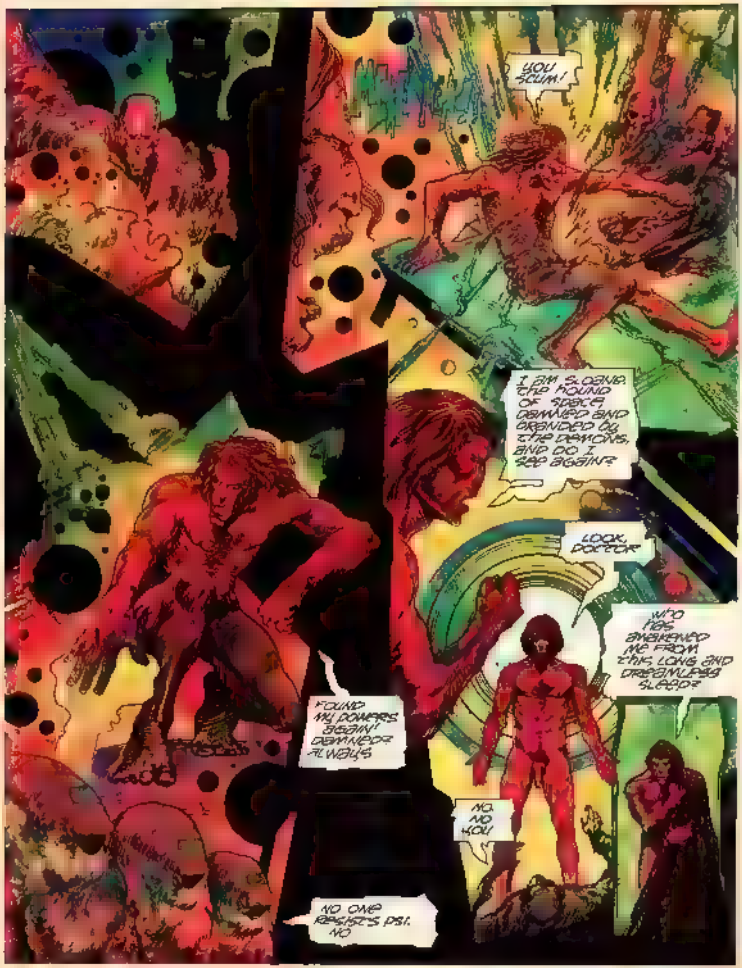


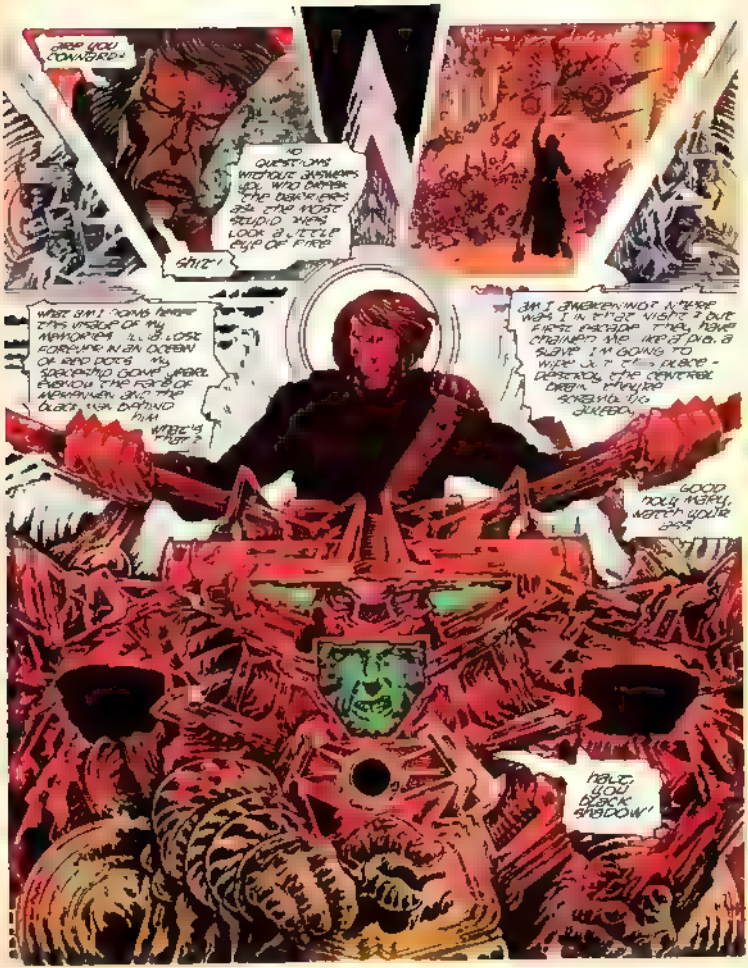
SO FAR

SLOBAK HAS LOST HIS MEMORY UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. UNCONSCIOUS, HE HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER AND LED LIKE A COMMON CONVICT TO THE BOUNDARIES OF HELL ITSELF, THE ANGELS, THE MOST DREADFUL PRISON IN THE GALAXIES


AN IMPOSSIBLE REVOLT. HOW? THERE KNOWS SOL, HAN PROVOKED IT.
ANSWER: EXTRAORDINARY ENERGIES OVERLOAD STRONG PROTECTION. ABNORMAL IS POWERFUL. TRY AGAIN. YOU DO HIM WRONG.
SLOW.
NOW. NOW.
LIGHT STRIKES RED EYES.
POWERFUL IMAGE, ANSWER. TAKE BACK YOUR FORM. BIND YOUR FACE.

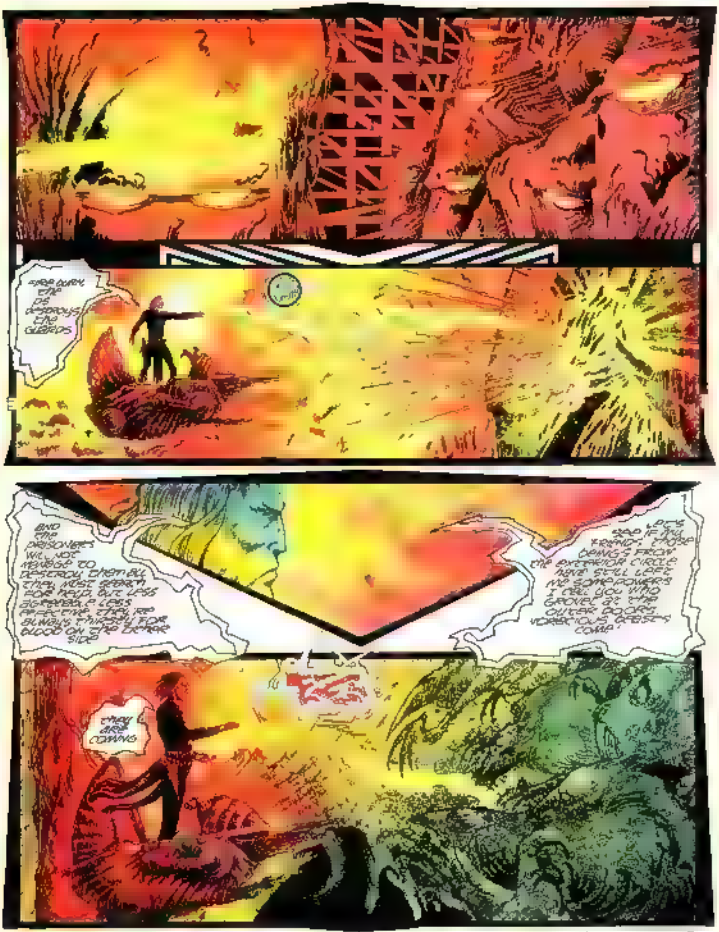
HEAVY METAL 87


YOU SCUM!
I AM SLOAD, THE HOUND OF SORCE DAMNED AND ENSLAVED BY THE DEMONS, AND DO I SEE AGAIN?
LOOK, DOCTOR
WHO HAS AWAKENED ME FROM THIS LONG AND DREAMLESS SLEEP?
FOUND MY POWERS AGAIN! DAMNED ALWAYS
NO, NO YOU!
NO ONE RESISTS PSI. NO


STOP YOU COWARD!
NO QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS YOU WHO DARKEN THE DARKNESS ALL ONE MORE STUPID WORD LOOK AT LITTLE EYE OF FIRE
SHIT!
WHAT SIN? DOING HERE THIS VESSEL OF MY MAKING? I'LL LOSE FORGIVING IN AN OCEAN OF BAD DEEDS MY SCREAMING DOWN ABOVE EVERYONE THE FACE OF HEAVEN AND THE BLACK WAS BEHIND HIM
WHERE'S MY KEY?
AM I AWAKE AND NOT A NIGHT MARE? I'M FIRST VISIT I'VE EVER ESCAPE THEY HAVE CHAINED ME LIKE A DOG A SLAVE I'M GOING TO WIPE IT OFF THE PLACE - DESTROY THE CENTRAL BRAIN MAYBE SCREAM TO SUKEBOX
GOOD HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD
HOLD YOU BLACK SHADOW!

WOW!!
BANGS OF LIGHT
SPARKS
THE
DARKNESS
AGGGH!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

WOW
IT'S AMAZING
THE SPACE
AND TIME
DISTORTIONS
HAVE ALTERED
THE SPACESHIP


HERE THEY COME! THE DESTROYERS AND THE GUARDS
AND THE PRISONERS WILL NOT MANAGE TO OVERTHROW LORD'S ALL THEY MUST BREAK FOR HOME, BUT LESS SUFFERING & LESS EFFECTIVE THEY'RE ALWAYS THIRSTY FOR BLOOD ON THE DARKER SIDE
AND LOOK, MY FRIEND, THOSE BEINGS FROM THE PYRENEAN CIRCLE HAVE STILL LEFT NO SOME POWERS I TELL YOU WHO GUARDIANS OUTSIDE BOORS, VOLCANOES, BEASTS COMES!
THEY ARE COMING

TO BE CONTINUED

HI GUYS, GALS, AND GEEKS! I'M ED ZOID OF THE SPACE DICKTECTIVE FORCE, VICE DETECTION PATROL!
AT PLAY IN SPACE & TIME
SCRIPT: JAY KINNEY AND NED SONNTAG
ART: NED SONNTAG
EAT MY SHOE, NARKO! IF DIS LUXURY LINER UP HEAH DON'T HAVE A GOOD STASH O' DOPE, MAH CREW'S GON' MUTINY!

GRMMBLEMMMBBLLEGRRRRPHHM
CAPT. FARINA, THE PIRATE CHIEF, JIMMIES OPEN THE AIRLOCK OF THE BIG CRAFT, AND THE RAID IS ON!
IN THE GRIP OF THE TRIP! NOTHING MUCH TO DO IN INTERSTELLAR SPACE EXCEPT...
READ BOOKS...
GOOD OL' FRANCO! WOT IF THE COMMIES HAD WON SPAIN?
ANCIENT AMERIKAN HISTORY
EAT FOOD...
FATTENING UP FOR JUPITER DUTY...
SMOKE DOPE...
MY GOODNESS! THE MARIJUANA VALVE MUST BE JAMMED! I'LL GO COMPLAIN!
THE SPACE DETECTIVE IS ALERTED TO A BREACH OF SECURITY ON THE BRIDGE!

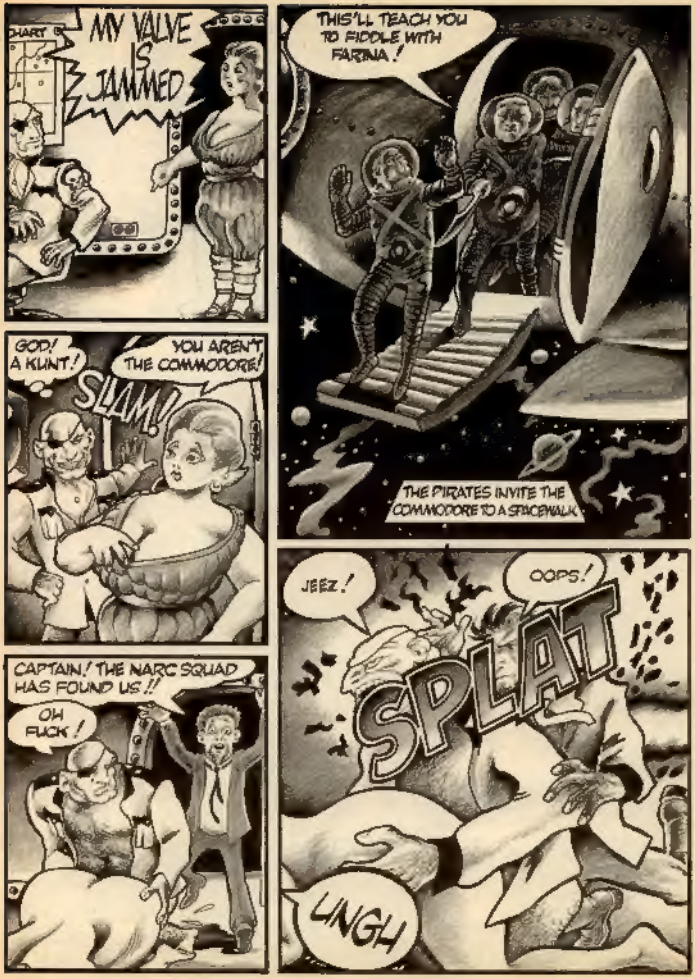


CHART IS
MY VALVE IS JAMMED
THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO FIDDLE WITH FARINA!
THE PIRATES INVITE THE COMMODORE TO A SPACEWALK
GOD! A KUNT!
YOU AREN'T THE COMMODORE!
SLAM!
CAPTAIN! THE NARC SQUAD HAS FOUND US!!
OH FUCK!
JEEZ!
OOPS!
SPLAT
UNGH

ZPOP!
ANGER
NUCLEAR DAMPER RODS
Y'LL NEVER GET ME, KOPPER!
ANY CLOSER AN' I BLOW UP THIS FUCKIN' SHIP!
SUDDENLY...
WAH!
STOP!
YIKES! IT'S THE HAREM, CAPTAIN!
SHEIK ALI BEY'S HAREM! CAN'T LET THEM BE KILLED!
ZAM
WAITRESS! THERE'S A FLY IN MY SOUP!
THE END